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AFTER THE DANCE.

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## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll c'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

One afternoon last week I was sitting in the Park watching the stream of carriages. Royalty passed through the throng now and then, distributing stately nods; and many toilettes, which received this shower of condescension, bloomed like newly watered flower-pots. When their gaze was not deferentially concentrated on the exalted dispenser of patronage, they looked at one another with criticism, and sometimes with acrimony. When the family barouche surveyed the saucy little victoria, there was a distinct haughtiness in the elder vehicle; and the victoria responded with that slightly perceptible movement which says, "Silly old chariot! What's it glaring it? Grumpy old out-of-date slow-coach! Thinks itself the only respectable thing on wheels, with its lumbering old gait! Stare away, my dear! If I *have* got a little varnish on, yours is pretty thick, proper as you are!" The piquancy of these amenities was increased by the open curiosity of the well-dressed crowd on the side-walk. A refined code of manners had provided many of the ladies with glasses through which they scrutinised every becoming toilette and every unbecoming moral character. In our time there has been a remarkable advance in optical science. If you call on your optician and ask for a glass which will enable your wife to perceive the minutest speck on the reputation of a well-dressed stranger of her own sex, he will promptly offer you a moral binocular of quite astonishing power. At present this instrument does not indicate the blemishes of man; but science is still progressing.

These meditations were interrupted by the apparition of Judson, seated in a victoria with that popular idol, Miss Ada Sonning. The carriage stopped for a few moments right opposite me, and I offered an affable salutation, of which my old friend took no manner of notice, though the lady acknowledged it with a gracious smile. Judson looked by no means so happy as I should have expected him to be in such an enviable position. Miss Sonning was talking with great animation, and making play with a very pretty sunshade, which attracted general attention because it bore her initials in gold letters about a foot high. All the moral binoculars were fixed on this portent, together with a running comment rich and free, which could not have escaped Judson's ears, for he sat bolt upright and gazed straight in front of him with an intensity that seemed to afford some amusement to his companion. Presently they drove on; but for some while I could see the sunshade whisking in the press, while the initials of the fair Ada gave back the rays of the westering orb with sparkling assurance.

Next day I was astonished to read in my favourite evening journal this singular announcement: "We are requested to state that there is no truth in the reported engagement of the lovely Miss Ada Sonning to Mr. Mortimer Judson, of the Dog Licence Department of the Inland Revenue!" I hastened to call on Judson with a copy of the *Meridian* in my hand, and was received with a sour smile. "Come with your dashed condolences, no doubt," he said. "Thank you, but I've had a morning full of them. This is the shabbiest trick that—ha!—that estimable young woman has ever played me!" "But I saw you together in the Park yesterday, cooing like—" "Cooing!" exclaimed Judson. "Did ever a man with any character to lose coo to a girl with a sunshade like a theatrical poster? You heard what people were saying all round. Oh, come now, you were sitting there grinning like a chimpanzee!" "My dear Judson!" "You did grin. Ada said you grinned, and she enjoyed it, by George!" "Miss Sonning was good enough to return my respectful greeting, which you ignored!" "Oh, none of this damned chuckling up your sleeve! Why don't you roar outright like a man?" "Really, Judson, the sleeves of a chimpanzee—" "Look here, dear boy," he said, with a very hollow laugh, "I admit it was a capital joke—ha!—but how would you like to sit beside a leading lady who advertises herself in the Park? I told her we ought to scatter hand-bills, by George!—Miss Ada Sonning—To-night—Don't miss the Death Scene in the Last Act. Harrows all London—Prices as Usual!" I told her a better advertisement still would be to ride a barebacked steed in the Row, and jump through a hoop. Ha! ha!"

"You seem to have made yourself vastly agreeable," I observed. "Now I begin to see the meaning of this paragraph in the *Meridian*. If I may venture to use the language of your department, she has, so to speak, cancelled your licence." "Treated me like a dog, eh?" said Judson grimly. "Taken off my collar and sent me to Battersea? Much you know about the craft of women! She sends that paragraph to the

paper—more *réclame*, don't you see?—and she writes to me that she has done it in my interest!" He handed me a little pink note, in which I read: "As you are ashamed of me, I have let all the world know there is nothing between us.—A. S." "Just like a quick curtain in the second act, isn't it?" said Judson. "All the world must know—everlasting footlights—placards waving over the town—the great renunciation scene every evening—*vide* sandwich-men in the Strand!" "She signs her note 'A. S.,'" I remarked thoughtfully. Judson threw himself into a chair with a growl. "And 'A. S.' appears in a big gold monogram on the envelope." "That's very different from staring gilt initials on a sunshade!" "My dear fellow, why not add another letter?" "What the devil—" "No, man, I don't mean the other seductive sibillant. Why not soften the too professional 'A. S.' with the 'J.' of the public service—a sort of Stage and Inland Revenue Guild?" Judson looked at me a moment, and said, "Blest if you're not like the Shaksperian clown—there's a glimmering of sense through your idiocy!" "Flattered, dear boy! And if I can be the humble means of reconciling two fond hearts—"

Judson snatched up his hat, and dragged me off to a shop, where he ordered a refulgent "J" to be sent to Ada in a beautiful box. Next day I saw them driving in the Park with the sunshade lifting its "A. S." unabashed to the skies; and this morning I received an ecstatic note from Judson. "What *esprit* that girl has! We've compromised about the 'J.' It is not to adorn the sunshade, but she has had it converted into a *hat-peg*! So I can hang my harp on something better than a weeping willow-tree!" I believe the paragraphists are now violently disputing over the authenticity of that announcement in the *Meridian*.

I take no pleasure in speaking against dignitaries of the Church. It is conceivable that bishops have their uses, that they are quite competent to discuss Anglican Orders and other inventions of the ecclesiastical intelligence. Unhappily, they do not always confine themselves to the subjects which interest diocesan conferences. A certain Dr. How, who exercises a limited episcopal authority at Wakefield, has been expounding his views about literature. He bought one of Mr. Hardy's novels and threw it into the fire. Its "insolence and indecency" shocked him, and he is astonished that such "garbage" should be admitted to public libraries. I believe this is the second historic instance of the burning of Mr. Hardy. The wife of some municipal worthy is reported to have taken "Jude the Obscure" off the shelves of a free library, and devoted it to the infernal gods. This uprising of the moral sense is the more notable in the bishop's case because he belongs to a Church which still supposes the "Song of Solomon"—that incantation of an Oriental voluptuary—to be a mystical serenade of the Divine Spirit. Nothing is so offensive to the clerical mind as the claims of literature to paint life without any reference to the episcopal code of propriety. If Dr. How and his tribe had the ordering of our book-shelves, we should probably be left to browse on the adjectives of Dean Farrar.

But, to be just to the clerical mind, it has some singular coadjutors among the laity. Mark Twain has been telling an interviewer that international copyright ought to be used as a censorship for the exclusion of French novels. Not long ago some American men of letters maintained that English novels ought to be banned in America because they were filled with aristocratic conceptions incompatible with the interests of a free and enlightened democracy. It would be quite as sane to banish French fiction from the English and American markets, leaving it to be read merely by educated people on the Continent. Mark Twain's idea that French novels are "pernicious" is worthy to be ranked with Bishop How's incendiarism. The author of "Joan of Arc" is an untutored genius; but there is such a thing as the art of writing, which is acquired to a great extent in these days from French models. Mark Twain should ask some of his compatriots in story-telling how much they owe to studies of Maupassant.

There is an instructive irony in this spectacle of the American humorist offering international copyright to his countrymen as if it were a moral McKinleyism. The Republican candidate for the Presidency ought to make this one of the "planks" of his "platform." "Descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers," he might say, "let us put a prohibitive tariff on Zola and Bourget; let us bring up our people on a nice moral tale like 'Huckleberry Finn.' Depend upon it, as soon as novels become literature they are sure to be immoral. Moreover, by excluding foreign books you encourage a native industry. Morality and Protection are the twin guardian angels of our glorious Republic!"



## THE OPERA.

"La Traviata" was revived for the first time this season at Covent Garden on Monday week, a performance in which Madame Albani took the part of Violetta and Signor de Lucia that of Alfredo. The fate of "La Traviata" is a highly curious one, and those of us who are inclined to be too severe upon the musical tastes of our grandfathers may learn a lesson from it. It was produced, then, for the first time, forty-three years ago, and it was—a dead failure. The Venice of 1853, at all events, pronounced an emphatic and adverse verdict upon its merits, a verdict which, fortunately for Verdi, came later to be reversed with some completeness. And now the odds are that the opera, were it produced for the first time in our own day, would probably secure no more lenient a judgment than it won on that March day of 1853 from the Venetian audience. Still, under whatever circumstances, Verdi is always a man to be reckoned with, and the tunefulness of "La Traviata," faded a little, and dim, was pleasant enough, even the other day, at Covent Garden. Madame Albani was at her best, so far as this season is concerned, and De Lucia, who still persists in singing a trifle out of tune, was an impassioned enough Alfredo. The minor characters were well sustained by Mdlle. Bauermeister, Signor Ancona, and others.

By way of comparison, a performance of the riper work of Verdi, "Aida"—it was produced full eighteen years later—was put upon the Covent Garden stage on Wednesday. Verdi, indeed, had not then reached that mature perfection of style which shows so superbly in that old-age masterpiece of his, "Otello." But he had taken the turn; he had learned to forget triviality, and he had found in himself large dramatic qualities. Madame Adini was the Aida, and sang with immense energy and feeling, while the Radamès of M. Alvarez was a finely finished piece of work, both vocally and dramatically. Madame Mantelli as the Princess Amneris was well enough; but, in a somewhat ungrateful part, it is no grave dispraise to say that she was more or less unconvincing. M. Plançon was a very magnificent Priest, and the *ensemble* was undoubtedly a pronounced success. Certainly the chorus in no instance spared its lungs.

On Saturday night Signor Mancinelli conducted a smooth performance of "Die Walküre" in French. Madame Lola Beeth took the part of Sieglinde with a very interesting measure of success. She is an artist to

Madame Lola Beeth has created a stir on the Continent, especially in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, though her last season was spent in New York and the principal cities of the United States. She makes a fine Elsa, her rendering of the rôles of Sieglinde, Eva, and Elizabeth are of equal merit, and she is a beautiful Venus in "Tannhäuser," for it is to Wagnerian opera she has given very special attention. She comes of one



LOLA BEETH.

Photo by Dupont, New York.



LOLA BEETH AS SIEGLINDE IN "THE VALKYRIE."

Photo by Dupont, New York.

take seriously, of whose future achievements we shall, doubtless, hear a good deal; but she was a little nervous on Saturday, a misfortune which obviously affected her voice more than her manner. M. Alvarez made a splendid Sigmund; he has never acted better, and his singing was incomparably fine. In the first act particularly his sympathy with his part and the sheer splendour of his vocalisation were extremely and gravely impressive. The remaining characters were of a good average merit, and it must be added that Signor Mancinelli has never extracted from his orchestra a more delicious purity of tone or a more artistic and genuinely high achievement in Wagnerian accompaniment.

of the oldest Polish families, her home and birthplace having been Cracow, in Austrian Poland, and, being of very musical parents (though quite *en amateur*), it was not surprising that her tastes developed while she was still very young, though it was to the study of the piano that she then devoted all her time. After leaving school, without any intention of entering the musical profession, she went to Vienna, and there became a student at the Conservatoire, and after only six months' study had discovered a most wonderful voice, and was, almost by accident, launched into the operatic world. Baron von Hülsen had travelled from the Grand Opera House in Berlin in search of a soprano, and chancing to hear Mdlle. Beeth, who was then only sixteen, he made her so generous an offer that she was at once allowed to sign with him for three years for all the leading rôles both in German and Italian opera. On the expiration of that engagement she was secured for the Grand Opera House in Vienna, and there remained for six years, and she then spent seasons in Paris and other great operatic centres, and last month shared the honours of the American season with Mesdames Calvé and Melba, after which she was specially called to Brussels to sing Sieglinde in representations of "Die Walküre," given in French, with M. van Dyke as Siegfried. There she added to her laurels, and created quite a furore. Madame Beeth sings with equal ease in French, German, or Italian, and in the last-named language has a large repertoire, though her favourite parts (after the Wagnerian heroines) are Valentine in "Les Huguenots," Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," Marguerite in "Faust," and she is one of the sprightliest and most bewitching of Noddas. Her voice is high and full, and, though she has studied under the best masters, her methods are her own and her production natural and easy, for she is as clever and cultivated as she is beautiful. Madame Beeth is very anxious to be able to sing in English, for she is delighted with "the barbarous Britishers," and has already learnt some ballads in their language, for she says she intends to be one of our most "hardy annuals."

## THE GREAT ROMNEY.

The Romney which is reproduced elsewhere in this issue was bought by Mr. Charles Wertheimer for 10,500 guineas, which is the largest figure ever given for a Romney, and approaches within 1500 guineas the largest price ever paid for a picture in England. The "Stolen Duchess" fetched £400 less. Mr. Wertheimer's chief competitor in the bidding (which started at 1000 guineas) was Mr. C. Davis, of Bond Street, who was understood to be acting in the interests of the Marlborough family.



## "THE GREATEST OF THESE," AT THE GARRICK.

The poor child died, died at the boarding-school she hated. Her piteous appeals to be brought home—home to the mother she loved, and home to the father she feared, were rejected. When the mother found that her child, the darling of her children, was dead, and felt that in a measure the death was due to the over-righteousness of her husband, she revolted. Married at seventeen to a man whom she did not choose, she had lived twelve years an abhorred life of loveless matrimony, in which she felt there was shame and sin. At the dangerous moment, when she failed to find in her husband any true sharer of her sorrow, temptation came. It was temptation in the form of a handsome, brilliant man of letters named Philip Curzon.

A friendship sprang up between Mrs. Armitage and Curzon. At first it was merely founded on mental and moral sympathy; but it ripened into more. The old story of the almost impossibility of mere friendship between young man and young woman was worked out once more. Love forced its way in, despite their efforts to keep it out, and the end was sin. They were not the kind of creatures to conduct a sinful intrigue without discovery, and soon the husband learned it.

Edward Armitage, J.P., banker, of Warminster, was an extraordinary case of perverted goodness. The over-cultivation of his soul, aided by the admiration of his fellow-citizens, had changed a man naturally generous into a monument of egotism, and he felt himself the pivot of the world. He was a Thorvald Helmer, and, like him, a banker; but in his case religion intensified the priggishness. It can well be imagined that his horror at finding himself a dishonoured husband was immense. True, he did not really love his wife; but vanity took the place of love, and the shock to his vanity was awful. Yet, in a fashion, he seemed to behave well. He made no scandal, took no proceedings, even brought his wife back home. He believed that he acted out of generosity and desire to avoid injury to his children, and never dreamt that fear of ridicule was his real motive.

Ten years went by. Husband and wife lived under one roof, yet miles apart. Their children grew up. Lawrence, the lad, was sent to London to read for the Bar, and had an allowance nicely calculated to keep him out of pleasure and mischief. The daughter sided, so far as fear of her father would allow, with the mother, and was miserable in the gloomy religious home where respectability and religion combined to drive away every healthy form of happiness. The son, reacting against a training always repugnant to his mother's child, reacting, too, against the dreary dullness of Warminster, promptly took to pleasure in London, and even to gambling. He fell among thieves. Curzon, his mother's old lover, who for love of her had sacrificed his career, and become a mere brilliant failure, watched the adventures of the young man without interfering, save now and then to lend him money. The outcome was a debt of five hundred pounds, and the lad, hopeless of discharging so large a debt of honour, forged the acceptance to a bill of exchange and got Curzon to discount it. When the time of maturity drew nigh, Lawrence came to Warminster in fear and trembling to ask his father to help him. As generally happens, the lad understated the amount. The father, though horrified at even the £300 named to him, drew a cheque and magnanimously refrained from asking the nature of the debt; whereon the son told the truth, and the cheque was sharply torn up. Ian Armitage would pay no gambling debt.

Then the unhappy lad went to his mother and told her all—worse, begged her to go to Curzon to get back the forged bill. She had pledged herself to hold no communication with Curzon; but felt that to save her son, and to save her husband the shame of discovering his boy's forgery, would justify her in going to see the man once dearer to her than honour. She went. Curzon acted well enough. He agreed to find money to get back the bill with which he had parted, and even consented to renew the ten years' silence in which their love had ended. Unluckily, a friend of the husband found Mrs. Armitage at Curzon's rooms, and he told the husband.

Armitage resolved to free himself from his wife at any cost in scandal. She, before obeying his orders to leave the house, for the first time in her twenty-two years of matrimonial bondage told her husband what she thought of him and his good qualities. Her words went home and the man's eyes were opened. Grace, the daughter, threw in her lot with the mother. As a parting shot, the girl told her father that his cruelty had caused her sister's death, and bade him read the poor girl's letters. A few days' solitude, study of his child's letters and consideration of his wife's words, worked wonders with Armitage, and the accidental discovery of the true cause of his wife's visit to Curzon completed the awakening. The man, strong and hard in his pride, became weak and human when his pride was crushed, and a reconciliation from which happiness seemed possible took place between husband and wife.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's play, despite its occasional preachiness and constant tendency to over-elaboration of dialogue, is strong, true, and interesting. It shows an unconventional Grundy hitherto hidden, and in its power of character-drawing and strength of sober technique puts him even in a higher rank than he has occupied. It is a play which, though not perfect, has a large measure of greatness. The acting in all respects was admirable. Mrs. Kendal perhaps got a false ring in some of her louder notes, but for the greater part gave a splendid picture of the unhappy wife. Mr. Kendal's performance as Armitage is one of the strongest, truest things that he has done, and deserves great praise. Mr. N. Gould and Mr. H. Kemble both did excellent work. Mr. Edgecumbe acted cleverly as the son, and Miss Nellie Campbell played the daughter's part exceedingly well.

## ROUND THE THEATRES.

It is painful to think how little real interest in the drama may be found in a great actress. Here is Madame Sarah Bernhardt, for whom everyone would be proud to write, dragging round "Adrienne Lecouvreur" once more, and even setting it in the forefront. Is it possible to believe that she can take any interest in her work and yet continue playing an empty part for a score of years? From some points of view, Scribe's play may, by age, be entitled to immunity from criticism, but how can one leave it in peace when presented once more? It may be that the great Sarah says simply this: "You want to see whether my art is improving or deteriorating—the best test is to see me each season in the same play." The fallacy is that after a time one gets so tired of the piece that it breeds a feeling of ill-humour, which may blind one to the merits of the performance.

However, the question is, perhaps, What about Sarah and her wonderful fight against Father Time? In appearance she has gained by growing plump without going to extremes, and, in consequence, her face has become younger. Her voice preserves its fulness and matchless music. Her acting? I fancy that it is the constant appearance in parts such as that of Adrienne which is beginning to mar her work, to cause it to become too violent in contrast. Certainly, though she shows no loss of executive ability, there is a disappearance of delicacy, a diminution of actual character. Yet she remains indisputably a great actress, able to hold her own in many parts against the world. The company is of no great merit.

There are times when I sigh for the success of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the teetotal fanatics, since when there is a reign of ginger-beer, and lemonade—dry, I trust—has ousted champagne, the stage will become free from drink humours. At the first night of "The New Barmaid" the "booze" business was most oppressive, and now that the play, somewhat revised and corrected, has been transferred to the Opéra Comique, there is still too much of a bad thing. However, the piece is in several respects better than at first; the most notable change has been in giving to Miss Lottie Collins the chief part, and leaving her in addition some of her former work.

Miss Collins is one of the few recruits from the music-halls whose appearance one greets with pleasure. She has not as yet altogether grasped the difference in technique between that which serves in the hall and that which is needed in the theatre, but shows progress as actress, and she has gaiety and personal charm. When she is singing, and using a pretty voice cleverly, one is bound to listen, and with pleasure. Mr. Dagnall does the cleverest acting. His picture of the foreign proprietor of the Owlets' Club is a very funny character-study. I can remember, in the days that are gone, the owner of a "cock-and-hen club," which still exists, who might have sat for the portrait, so exact is it. For the rest, the company does its work pretty well, and the energetic dancing of Miss Menelly delighted the house. The piece has some humorous moments and the music a little gaiety, accompanied by small originality or distinction of style.

There are hot-weather plays and cold: "The Sunbury Scandal" is of the latter. When the fires are lighted, chess and its tax on the mind is delightful; in summer one is unwilling to grow hot by the exercise of the brain. Now Mr. Fred Horner's play is a heavy tax. One feels that a clever man of large experience cannot have written an unintelligible work. If he had not already proved himself, one would have simply said that the piece is a mere jumble, without design or order. As it was, everyone attempted to grasp it. I sat back, pleasantly fanned by my unwitting neighbour, and tried to work it out in the programme, using algebraical symbols. For a while all went well, though the labour was heavy; but the heat, the work of the day and of the night before, prevailed. I did not sleep, did not even nod, but I relaxed my attention, and then gave it up. I am sure that everything can be explained, that even Mr. Binks, a part very cleverly played by Mr. Bellamy, has some vital relation to the piece, and that the conduct of the parties is not entirely based on the desires of the author. It is painful to confess failure. Some laughed at the earlier acts, and roared over the trial. Why should I fail where they succeeded? The lady behind me, who "guffawed" into the back of my neck every time that Miss Fanny Brough banged the desk, must have a keener sense of humour than I, and, I trust, a duller sense of smell, or the scent that she bore must have sickened her. It may be assumed by the expert that Mr. Horner began at the end—that, having got a situation for the last act, he simply set out in search of a beginning. Who can blame him for failing to find it? He has tried hard. Not even fear of the Benchers has restrained him from presenting a lady barrister who, unlike the Bar, robes for the police court. He has dared the Divorce Court, and given a lady a divorce because her husband spent Saturday till Monday on the river with another woman. The social code of manners has not balked him, and he causes a lady of rank to go to Sunbury to meet an outside broker she has never seen because he sends her a telegram of appointment. Such audacity should have had a better reward; something funnier ought to have come out of so colossal a defiance of the word "why." Some people have no luck. Mr. Horner is to be reckoned among them. I am another, and my ill-luck is founded on his. There are others, too, who suffer—Mr. Fred Kerr, who, for the first time on record, failed to be amusing or seem clever; Miss Maude Millett, who was hardly charming; Mr. Wilfred Draycott, who was dull, and Miss Fanny Brough. She is a brilliant actress, capable of doing wonders in the way of lifting—a kind of female Samson; but people put too much on her sometimes, and "The Sunbury Scandal" is a case in point. She worked ably and energetically, and for once I felt tempted to cry "Hold, enough!"

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## DUCHESS OF ALBANY AND HER CHILDREN.

With the exception of the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Albany is certainly the most popular of all the Queen's sons- and daughters-in-law. During the last fourteen years her Royal Highness has closely identified herself with her adopted country, and although fondly attached to her sisters, especially to the Queen Regent of Holland, she has always elected to spend the greater part of each year at Claremont, the somewhat gloomy if palatial country house to which the late Duke of Albany brought her as a bride in the spring of 1882. The announcement of the engagement of Prince Leopold, as he was still familiarly known, to Princess Hélène of Waldeck-Pyrmont was, it is said, not only a surprise to the British public, but also to the young Duke's own *entourage*. The royal fiancée was still in her twentieth year when the betrothal took place, the English Prince being nine years older; and after some discussion as to ways and means, for Princess Hélène was the third of four daughters, the marriage of Queen Victoria's youngest son took place at Windsor on April 27, 1882. For two years the royal couple led an ideally happy life; the Duchess, notwithstanding her youth, took a considerable share in her husband's scientific and literary pursuits, and, although they made Claremont their headquarters, the Duke and Duchess constantly visited incognito the Royal Institution and other London exhibitions, picture-galleries, and so on. On Feb. 25, 1883, their Royal Highness's first child was born at Windsor Castle, and was christened Alice Marie Victoria Augusta Pauline.

The circumstances attending the Duke of Albany's sudden death have not been forgotten. Always extremely delicate, it had been thought advisable for him to spend a portion of the winter of 1884 in

the South of France, where his death took place quite unexpectedly at Cannes, on March 28, the Queen herself breaking the news to the Duchess at Claremont. The event cast a deep gloom not only at Court, but all over the United Kingdom, and the greatest sympathy was felt and expressed for the widowed Princess, who, though then finding herself in the saddest and most trying circumstances, proved herself possessed of singular courage and resignation.

Since the birth of her son, the present Duke of Albany, born exactly four months after his father's death, her Royal Highness has devoted herself heart and soul to the upbringing and education of her two children. For eight years she wore the deepest widow's weeds, and spent her holidays close to the memorial chapel erected to the late Duke's memory in the pretty villa at Cannes where he had passed the last days of his life. Her Royal Highness has paid several visits to Holland, and last year she entertained the two Queens, her sister and her niece, at Claremont. The royal party, including Princess Alice and the little Duke of Albany, frequently came to town, where they thoroughly inspected everything of note, from the Tower to the Houses of Parliament, and the children seemed to take an intelligent interest in it all.

The Duchess is very domesticated in her tastes, and is an admirable needlewoman. She is also an adept at a somewhat forgotten art, that of making artificial flowers with coloured tissue-paper, utilised in the trimming of lamp-shades or lanterns. The Lady-in-Waiting and close friend of her Royal Highness, Miss Heron-Maxwell, is an authority on lamps, and invented some years ago "an upper gallery" which is

much used in the lamp-shade trade. The young Duke of Albany, who will be twelve years old next month, is going to Eton, where he will be an inmate of Mr. A. C. Benson's house.



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.



THE DUKE OF ALBANY.



PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAULL AND FOX, PICCADILLY.



## A CHAT WITH M. JULES RIVIÈRE.

It seems to be always spring with M. Jules Rivière. To see the distinguished conductor's life and energy as he wields the bâton daily and nightly at Olympia is to forget that he has seen seventy-five years. To talk with him of his wonderful musical career, which began sixty



M. JULES RIVIÈRE.

Photo by Manders, Llandudno.

years ago, is to get a glimpse of a distinguished world in which many of the chief actors are now only names and nothing more. During an interval in the performance of his orchestra at Olympia, the other evening (says a *Sketch* representative) I was lucky enough to chat with him. We seated ourselves in a corner of the Palmarium.

"No, not here," said the veteran conductor warily; "this draught will not do for an old man." So we sought a more sheltered nook.

"Of course," I said, "we know your life-story is too full of incident to be told in one tiny conversation; but there are many who would be glad to hear you recall this or that bright moment—say, for instance, your famous Covent Garden Concerts."

"Ah, they began on Aug. 19, 1871—Rivière's Promenade Concerts, they were called. None had been given since the death of Alfred Mellon. I'd eighty musicians, a choir of forty voices, and forty bandmen picked from the Royal Artillery and the Horse Guards."

"You had some special compositions, I think?"

"Yes, Sir Julius Benedict expressly composed for these concerts his triumphal march 'Lusitania,' which he occasionally conducted himself. Prince Poniatowsky contributed an ode, which he also directed at times. Every Wednesday, Sir (then Mr.) Arthur Sullivan took the bâton for the classical part of the programme."

"What is the history of your famous 'Spring' song?"

"Ah, that was produced the following year. Between the two Covent Garden Seasons, I conducted at Cremorne, where I'd conducted previously from 1858 to 1862. Cremorne! that's a mere name to you younger men. Many a time I've held the bâton there till day dawned. In the autumn of 1872 I collaborated with Hervé, Frederick Clay, and De Billefont in the musical part of Boucicault and Planché's unique spectacular drama, 'Babil and Bijou,' produced at Covent Garden. In the third act was a ballet, 'The Four Seasons.' The music for Spring and Summer was mine, and in it occurred the popular 'Spring, gentle Spring,' sung by a chorus of boys dressed as gardeners. The song soon was everywhere; when the barrel-organs got it, my friends blessed me. 'Babil and Bijou' was a tremendous success. I look back to it with pleasure, also with sadness, for not one of my collaborateurs is now alive. Of the principals, too, only Lionel Brough remains. Once recently, however, I'd a pleasant reminder of those days. One day, in a *café*, I was accosted by a strange gentleman, who had the advantage of me. He said he was brother to the late Edward Solomon, and had been in my 'Spring' chorus. At once I remembered him. He was the smallest of the choir, and was called by the public 'the cheeky boy,' from his habit of staring about him as he stood singing in the middle of the group. He remembered everything, even that my scarf-pin had been presented to me on my benefit-night, at the last performance of 'Babil.'

"'Spring,'" continued M. Rivière, "brought me quite £2000, which I almost missed. I was offered £20 for the copyright, and had all but taken it, when I noticed my partner in publishing business (*The Musical Progress*) making furious signs across the room to me. I declined the offer, published the piece myself, and netted a little fortune."

"You ask about the distinguished musicians I've known? They are so many. Long ago, when I was conductor at the Jardin D'Hiver, I'd an amusing little encounter with Offenbach, after which we'd to adjust our collars and pick up our spectacles. A few years later, however, we shook hands and were fast friends to the end."

"You knew Jullien, of course, whom Mr. Du Maurier has just dragged into passing notice again?"

"Ah, poor Jullien! He was a good fellow, but very mad. I remember, in his last sad days, trying to dissuade him from his wild scheme (wild for a writer of dance music) of setting the Lord's Prayer to music. He replied that a composition with two of the greatest names in history on the title-page could not fail to be a success. I was puzzled, so he explained earnestly: 'The Lord's Prayer. Words by Jesus Christ. Music by Jullien.' Soon after came his melancholy end."

Some further conversation followed regarding M. Rivière's early days, his service as a conscript in the French Army, where he found his true vocation and rose to eminence as a bandmaster; and his singularly bright and successful musical career on the Continent and in England, which he loves almost as a second *patrie*. M. Rivière has many pleasant recollections of his conductorship at the Adelphi, Cremorne, Covent Garden, and the Alhambra. Of the last he has some exciting memories, for the burning of that theatre in 1882 seriously threatened his business premises, and caused him considerable loss in scorched music. Of his romantic family-history, and boyhood at Aix-en-Othe, M. Rivière has many good tales to tell (particularly how he was taken to see the last employment of the pillory in France); and one could have listened long enough, but time forbade.

## QUARTER OF A CENTURY AT THE LYCEUM.\*

The volume of reprinted notices by Mr. Clement Scott of the performances at the Lyceum from 1871 to 1895 certainly is a useful, one may even say valuable, contribution to the library of playgoers, for it gives a complete history of the theatre generally deemed to take the leading position during the last quarter of a century. It is an indictment as well as a history, since a study of the "Summary of the First Nights and Important Revivals at the Lyceum from 1874 to 1895," which, with other useful statistic matters, may be found in an Appendix, is somewhat painful reading. It brings very clearly before the eyes the fact that Sir Henry Irving, though possessing a power almost unparalleled in our stage-history, has done very little for modern drama, and, consequently, very little for the cultivation of actors to play in modern drama. The name of Pinero appears, it is true, but only in respect of the one-act "Bygones," given in 1880, and it has been left to others to produce the plays that constitute his title to be considered the leading English dramatist of our times. The names of Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, Carton, and, in fact, of almost all writers whose work is modern, are absent from this record.

On the other hand, there is much of praise and pleasure noticeable in the ten Shaksperian productions in which our great dramatist has been mounted with a beauty and artistic feeling surpassing all former efforts. It must be remembered, too, that three of Tennyson's plays have been given, and that in the handling of them very remarkable ability has been shown. Of course, one is tempted to say that Sir Henry Irving has not produced modern pieces because his taste really is with romantic drama; unfortunately, the percentage of melodrama, all but worthless from a literary point of view, in the catalogue is unpleasantly high.

Turning, however, to Mr. Clement Scott and his book, one finds the task of criticising rendered easy by the author, who has applied to his work the terms "Newspaper Reports," "Picturesque Reporting." Mr. Scott has hardly done justice to himself, for he should at least have added "Instructive Advice to Players," since, while one cannot be so polite as to gainsay Mr. Scott when he modestly denies to his work the name of criticism, it is but fair to admit that his remarks upon the acting in many cases must have been very serviceable to the actors.

So far as the plays themselves are concerned, Mr. Scott seems to have adopted a policy of avoiding serious analysis or comparative treatment, and giving in place the story of the play, some biographical remarks in case of a revival, a very full account of the effects of scenery and costumes, and copious remarks upon the acting. He has given what he calls "the best newspaper reports that I can give in the time allotted to me," and one hesitates to say whether a man of such remarkable influence was wise in republishing work of which he himself uses such humble terms.

It may, in fact, be hinted that a simple history of this theatre during the period in question, coupled with his more leisurely thoughts upon it, would, upon the whole, have been more valuable to all parties. However, certainly there is one thing to be grateful for—the subjects do not, on the whole, give rise to much more than mere academic discussions, and the volume contains few of the diatribes against the school of modern ideas, in matters theatrical, obnoxious to Mr. Scott, the violence of which has done no little to diminish the influence of "the great and powerful newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*," which Mr. Scott has the honour to serve. Perhaps I have insisted too strongly on the unfavourable side of the handsomely illustrated book before me, which professes to be the first volume of a series of reprints of the author's theatrical writings. It is only just to say that to me his work seems the most valuable that is being done at present, so far as the players are concerned, since he alone deals minutely and at length with the acting; and if at times the writer shows himself too much a lover of the old school, the notes on acting, taken altogether, display great discrimination.

In addition to this, the work exhibits a wonderful knowledge of those to whom it is addressed, the people in the early-morning train, tram, or omnibus, for Mr. Scott avoids being "thought-heavy," eschews humour, and, except in pleasant little biographical touches, resists the temptation to show off his learning. Consequently, one can see how his earnest, fluent, easy style of picturesque reporting has won him the admiration and confidence of the millions who read the *Telegraph*.

Mr. Scott's views concerning "first-night" criticism will be assented to by most people. To begin with, many minds are capable of but first impressions, and those able to perform the difficult task of writing before half-past one a column or so upon a play that ends at half-past eleven, are not, as a rule, men of the deep critical instinct which requires long thought before it brings forth its more valuable work. Moreover, at present, the plays are very rare that demand or deserve more than "first impressions." So long as nineteen pieces out of twenty are unworthy of print, so long as all their wares are in the front window, serious criticism is nearly needless, and the few real dramatic critics that we have use, as it were, the steam-hammer to crack the filbert, and are compelled to be almost irrelevant in order to find opportunity for the ideas that seek expression through them. The last few years show advance and improvement, and one may hope that ere next century the proportion of valuable plays may be so high that the daily paper will give a weekly column of serious criticism as well as the first-night notice. When that happens the wise paper will keep two writers, one for the "picturesque report," the other for more thoughtful discussion.

\* "From 'The Bells' to 'King Arthur.'" By Clement Scott. London: John Macquoen.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is expected to return to Windsor this day week. Her Majesty will give a strictly private dinner-party the evening before the wedding of Princess Maud, to which none but near relatives will be invited. Princess Henry of Battenberg, I believe, will not be present at the wedding.

The ceremony of the installation of the Prince of Wales as Chancellor of the University College of Wales will take place to-morrow week at Aberystwyth. The Princess of Wales will accompany the Prince, and the royal party will travel by Great Western Railway, leaving Paddington by special train on Wednesday, and travelling from Welshpool by the Cambrian Railway's system to Machynlleth. They will stop the night at Machynlleth, being entertained by the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, and will continue their journey on Thursday by the Cambrian Railway to Aberystwyth. After the Prince has been installed, the Princess of Wales will open the new Women's Hostel, a beautiful building on the sea-front, which has been erected to accommodate the lady students at the University. The party will then return to Machynlleth.

The success of the Prince of Wales at Epsom gives added interest to racing royalties in general. Here is a picture of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia as he figured at Ascot in 1844. The tailor has certainly made an advance on the art of dressing the racing-man since that time, for anything more formal than the Czar's outfit could hardly be imagined.

By the way, the Derby Number of *Racing Illustrated* is enlarged to twenty-four pages, and is replete with photographic illustrations of the highest class. Among these are views of the scene on the hill at Epsom, and the race for the Derby, with an instantaneous photograph of the horses as they appeared just before reaching Tattenham Corner. There is also an entirely new print of Persimmon, photographed especially for the paper an hour after the race.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Show opens at Leicester on Saturday. The site selected for the show is adjacent to the Midland line, and the company will offer every possible facility for the prompt despatch and working of all descriptions of traffic both to and from the show. Cheap excursion trains will also be run to Leicester. The Great Northern Railway Company are also prepared to deal specially with live stock, implements, and merchandise traffic passing to and from the show. There is a direct and convenient route between the Great Northern station and the show-ground, and the company will undertake cartage at a reasonable rate.

The wedding of Mr. Frank Lazenby, son of Mr. Walter Lazenby, of Castlebar, Sydenham Hill, to Nora Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Lawson Johnston, of Kingswood, Sydenham Hill, in St. Stephen's Church, Sydenham Hill, was a pretty spectacle. The bride was dressed in white

duchesse satin, with brocaded train trimmed with Brussels lace and orange-blossoms and embroidered in pearls. She wore a tiara of real orange-blossoms, and among her jewels were a diamond crescent, the gift of her father, and a diamond brooch, presented her by the bridegroom. Her train was borne by two little pages in cream satin duchesse suits, with collars of guipure, and three-cornered hats trimmed with ostrich feathers. The bridesmaids—Miss F. Lazenby, Miss K. Kearsley, Miss C. Lazenby, and the Misses B. E. and E. Johnston—were dressed in cream satin duchesse costumes, with loose pink accordion-pleated chiffon fronts, revers handsomely trimmed with Breton lace, and



MRS. FRANK LAZENBY.

sashes of pink ribbon; hats of fancy crinoline, trimmed with tips and pale-pink roses. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mrs. J. Lawson Johnston at Kingswood. Among those attending the wedding were the Right Hon. the Earl of Winchelsea, Lord and Lady Playfair, Baron de Bush, Dr. Farquharson, M.P., Mr. Besley, Q.C., Mr. Alderman Spicer, Colonel Martyn, Mr. Alderman Bell, Mrs. Abe Bailey (of Johannesburg), the Hon. W. Cowlishaw (of Sydney), Sir William Ogg, and a large number of other guests. The band of her Majesty's

Royal Horse Guards (Blues), by permission of Colonel Brocklehurst, and also Mr. Charles Godfrey's (Crystal Palace) string band, performed a select programme of music. The occasion was taken advantage of by the warehouse employes of Messrs. Bovril, Limited, for the presentation of massive and solid silver centrepieces to the father and mother of the bride. In the course of the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lazenby left for town, on their way to Scotland. The bride departed in a dress of grey silk embroidered in pink and grey, with grey straw hat, plumes, and pink roses. Later in the evening a grand ball was given at Kingswood, and the whole of the grounds were decorated and illuminated on a large scale.

The "great world" has spun a considerable distance "down the ringing grooves of change" since those far-off days when rare Ben Jonson, in "The Silent Woman," alluded to Bedlam as one of the sights of London. At that time the unfortunate patients, with their straw and manacles, afforded amusement to a somewhat brutal

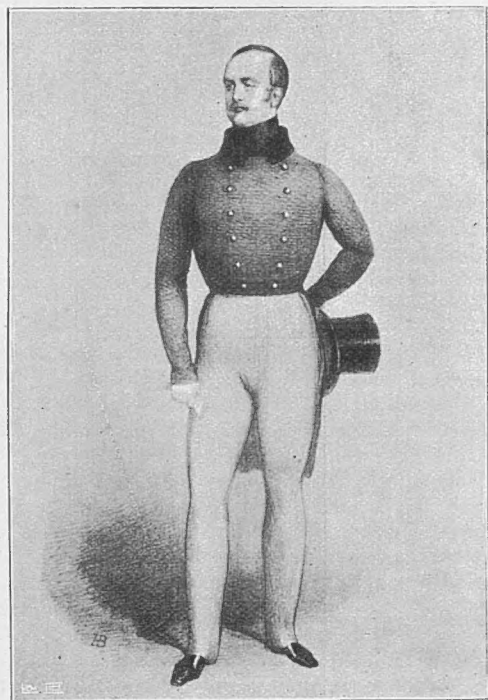
public. The great dramatist I have referred to would probably, could he "revisit the glimpses of the moon," be astonished to find that kindly attention and wholesome amusement have taken the place of the whips and chains, and still more surprised to see the cousin of the Sovereign open a recreation-hall for the patients, which has a stage for theatricals and concerts, and which, at the cost of eleven thousand pounds, has just been added to the famous building in St. George's Fields under the auspices of the Duke of Cambridge. The Bethlehem of Ben Jonson stood in Bishopsgate Without. At a later period it was pulled down, and a new asylum built in Moorfields, where at the gates stood Cibber's figures of Melancholy and Raving Madness.

The *Spectator* says—

There has been a great innovation started in the House of Commons of which we do not at all approve. Women waitresses have been started to serve the tea on the river terrace instead of the conventional waiters of former times. They are said to be "neat, tastefully dressed girls with black uniform dresses, but with charming varieties of white muslin, and lace caps and trimmings and aprons." That is by no means a wise innovation. It is sure to lead to flirtations and scandals not at all likely to increase the political repute of the House of Commons. We trust the Pall Mall clubs will not follow this very unfortunate example. It may possibly help women's suffrage, but will certainly increase women's suffering.

The *Sketch* replies—

You may hinder lovely woman from appearing at the bar,  
But she simply slips behind it very soon  
By waiting on the Members (when these worthies cease to spar)  
On the terrace of a summer afternoon.  
And it's useless of the Puritan *Spectator*,  
To crush the aspirations of our natur',  
For the overworked M.P.  
Wants his bit of toast and tea  
Put before him by a petticoated waiter.  
Though he doesn't give a vote to the precious petticoat,  
Yet he isn't a misogynist at heart,  
And he's eager to promote any specious antidote  
To the dulness of the Parliamentary part.  
Let St. Stephen's rob the loving legislator  
Of his sweetheart, or his sister, or his mater,  
But he hasn't far to roam  
For the comforts of a home  
When his hostess is a pretty little waiter.  
Though his soul may be devoted to the passing of a Bill,  
Yet he naturally likes to bill and coo,  
And he gives a rest to Ireland and the principles of Mill  
On the terrace when he orders "tea for two."  
When his lady friends are absent, who could cater  
For the eloquent and altruist debater,  
Who more carefully could see  
That he has his cup of tea  
Than that dainty muslin-aproned little waiter?  
Is a bachelor or hub, of an evening in his club  
To never hear the rustle of a skirt?  
Must he solitar'ly grub, lest "the present writer's" snub  
Insinuates he always wants to flirt,  
Why, the privileges Demos has are greater—  
Are his morals, Mr. Hutton, any straighter?—  
For at every A. B. C.  
He can get his toast and tea  
From the deprecated little lady-waiter.



THE CZAR AS HE APPEARED AT ASCOT IN 1844.





MISS AMY THOMAS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK DICKINS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



Mr. Scott Buist, who has made such a "hit" as Von Keller in "Magda," at the Lyceum, is now in his early thirties. A native of Redhill, he was educated at the Winchester House School, at Hampstead, though, later on, he worked for some years under a private tutor, and was eventually placed by his father in an East India merchant's office in the City. However, his tastes were never clerical, and a very short time sufficed for him to discover that his inclinations did not call him to the desk, for, from a child, all his tastes had turned to the artistic, and he had been content to spoil many a sheet of paper with his pencil and paints. After leaving the City it was to painting that he first devoted himself, but, having scored many and frequent successes in amateur theatricals, he at last decided to adopt the stage as his profession, and in 1883 he made his first professional appearance. Since that time he has been playing continuously both in London and

the provinces, and made a marked success in Mr. Hare's part in "Mrs. Lessingham" at the Garrick Theatre, though his most recent venture was at the Strand Theatre, where he was seen as both manager and actor in the revival of "On 'Change."

"We could forgive England much if she would send us more artists like Miss Amy Thomas," wrote an American journalist in one of the leading newspapers published in the United States during Miss Thomas's recent tour, from which she has just returned. She there personated Kate Merryweather in "The Idler," Violet Esmond in "The Crust of Society," and Molly Lowell in "Sealed Lips," under Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis's management, and added to her successes by appearing as Christina Linden in "A Doll's House" and as Rebecca in "Sam'l of Posen," in Miss Julia Stuart's company, while the last character portrayed by her on the other side was Madelon in "The Cricket," under Mr. John N. Thorne. She has talents which are particularly valuable to an actress aspiring to light-comedy parts, including an agreeable presence. She can render a chansonette in dashing style, and she can "foot the floor" in refined fashion, while she has so much intelligence that she can well interpret any part without "coaching." She is not altogether a novice, let it be understood, in spite of her twenty-five years. Probably it is her diffidence that makes her reticent of claiming Mr. Moy Thomas, the well-known dramatic critic, as her uncle, relying rather on her own merits. Music was the muse her own inclinations prompted her to follow, but the *res augusta domi* on her father's death suggested that the stage was a more lucrative calling. An offer from Mr. H. J. Leslie to play in America decided Miss Thomas in her choice. Her novitiate consisted of a thinking-part in "The Babes of the Wood"; but the absence of Miss Elaine Gibson for a few days brought Miss Thomas forward to greater prominence as the Fairy Queen, at Niblo's Garden, New York. On her return to England Miss Thomas appeared as Prettypet in "Beauty and the Beast," under Rollo Balmain. Agatha, a small dancing-part in "The Vicar of Bray," in the provinces, succeeded that engagement. Thence Miss Thomas went to Brussels, and onwards to Holland, understudying Miss Fanny Wentworth for the parts of Marguerite and Carmen in their respective burlesques, while she made a successful appearance in Miss Wentworth's absence as the first-named. Then there followed a summer tour with Courtice Pounds in a triple bill, while many will remember her as Polly in "Binks," at the Strand. Afterwards, Miss Thomas's appearance in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," under Miss Cissie Grahame, in Scotland, preceded her late American tour. Miss Thomas is so versatile in talent that she makes a valuable adjunct to a company.

In the obituary of a London paper a few days since I read the following brief announcement:—"Rossi—Signor Ernesto Rossi, the famous Italian tragedian, who appeared in this country a few years ago." How distinctly I remember Rossi's first visit to England! I believe it was in '76. He made his debut in "Hamlet," at Drury Lane. The house was packed, and, to my mind, the performance was that not only of a great artist; but of one who appreciated the part and had the gifts to expound it greatly. Rossi's performance was received by the critics with a perfect storm of ridicule. One or two treated him seriously and admitted his extraordinary powers; but even these few, if my memory serves me right, did not consider that he understood Shakspeare. I remember hearing Mr. Joseph Knight say as much, though he was loud in verbal praise of the artist's genius. Mr. Clement Scott considered his readings "ornate." For my own part, I thought there was but little to choose between Rossi and Salvini, though the latter had certain personal charms which were, perhaps, denied to the former. For instance, Rossi had developed what we English call a "corporation," while his great rival retained his figure; and Rossi's face, though, if anything, more capable of tragic expression, was distinctly not so handsome as Salvini's; the voice of Salvini, too, was capable of *succeter* music.

I remember comparing notes on the subject with the late Hans von Bülow, no mean critic on any artistic subject, and he without hesitation gave the palm to Ernesto Rossi, as the more absolutely satisfactory actor. I saw Rossi at Drury Lane in excerpts from "The Merchant of Venice," his Shylock of the trial scene being base, sordid, vermin-like, and yet well within the bounds of high art; from "Romeo and Juliet," where

his Romeo, of course *physically* impossible, was full of significance and fire; from "King Lear," a stupendous performance; and from "Othello," which thrilled me as that of Salvini had done a year before, and higher praise it is impossible to award. Among my treasured theatrical possessions is a visiting-card of Ernesto Rossi's. The great Italian played "Othello" in its entirety at the Crystal Palace. Thither I journeyed to see him, arrived early, and met him wandering in the building prior to the performance; we entered into conversation, and ultimately exchanged cards. I remember how gravely and gracefully he acknowledged my compliments (most sincere ones), and how, without a spice of resentment, but with a kind of simple wonder, he told me that in all the different countries where he had acted he had never received such a reception from the Press. I think it was the flippant tone of the critiques even more than their lack of appreciation that hurt the great tragedian, whom I regret I shall never see again on or off the stage.

With "The Queen's Proctor" Mr. Herman Merivale resumes successfully those long labours of writing for the stage that had been interrupted since the production of his Scott dramatisation, "Ravenswood," by Henry Irving at the Lyceum in September, 1890. Mr. Merivale has behind him a record as brilliant almost, perhaps, as that of any contemporary playwright except Arthur W. Pinero, Sydney Grundy, and Henry Arthur Jones. Merely to note the names of a few of his stage works fills a good deal of room. He collaborated, for instance, with the late Mr. Palgrave Simpson in "All for Her," which I hope the Kendals may be induced to revive during their tenancy of the Garrick Theatre. He Englished "Fédora" for the Bancrofts; "Forget-Me-Not," in which Miss Geneviève Ward used to give her incomparable impersonation of Stephanie de Mohrivar, proceeded chiefly from his pen. Mr. Merivale and his wife, with "The Butler" and "The Don," provided Mr. Toole with what were among the most amusing pieces in his repertory, and another play was "Our Joan," in which appeared poor Arthur Dacre and Amy Roselle.

There still remains to be mentioned that interesting poetical drama "The White Pilgrim"; Mr. Merivale modernised the Mephistopheles legend in "The Cynic," with Mr. Vezin in the leading part; Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" he used for his "Lord of the Manor" and "Peacock's Holiday"; his adaptation of "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon" gave the late W. J. Hill one of his best parts. These and other plays surely prove Mr. Merivale's many-sidedness as a dramatist.

On another page I have taken the opportunity of publishing the latest photograph of Miss Granville. Her Mrs. Tanqueray, even in the strong light of comparison with Mrs. Campbell's, marked her out as an actress of intelligence and power. Her Mrs. Cortelyou was a very charming study of middle-age, and I shall not readily forget the picturesque appearance she had in her nursing costume as the sister of Dulcie Larondie in "The Masqueraders." She has not been seen since her admirable performance in "The Squire of Dames," at the Criterion, but a player of her ability should not long be absent from the stage.

If you haven't seen "The Shop Girl"—and the chance of doing so at the Gaiety has now gone—you should go across to the Standard Theatre

this week, where Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's company are playing the piece. They have got hold of a very funny Miggles in the person of Mr. Tom Fancourt, who, although only thirty-three years old, is already a veteran in the art of entertainment, for he has been twenty years before the public. All London music-hall playgoers will remember him at the Oxford, the Royal, the Tivoli, and the Palace; he took to the theatre proper when he appeared in the title-rôle of "Puss in Boots" in the pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in 1884, and since that time he has had a pantomime engagement every Christmas. "The Shop Girl" is, however, his first theatrical engagement proper, but I fancy, if he is successful, he will not be very keen on returning to the halls.



MR. TOM FANCOURT AS MIGGLES.

Photo by Pittuck, Plymouth.

By an oversight M. Loevensohn was described in these pages last week as a violinist; of course, it ought to have been violoncellist.



Poor Liane de Pougy has provided Paris with quite a sensation, and, less by her attempted suicide than by the pathetic little note addressed to a friend, proves herself something of a latter-day Dame aux Camélias. Liane's predecessor, Cora Pearl, was, as many people know, an English-woman endowed with much shrewd wit and a hard common-sense which steered her to ultimate respectability and fortune. Mdlle. de Pougy, or, to call her by her own name, that signed to the before-mentioned forlorn epistle, Marie Chassaigne, came of worthy bourgeois stock, and is still, I believe, legally entitled to the name of a naval officer. Of late years she posed, and with some success, as a modern Aspasia. Her salon was much frequented by the dwellers in smart Continental Bohemia, and stories of her powers of repartee even found their way into more reputable circles. Like the majority of *ces dames*, she "ran" a venerable old mother, who acted in turn the part of housekeeper, duenna, and nurse to the little five-year-old boy whose existence seems to have been the real motive for his mother's suicide, a motive which will be easily understood by those who have come across in either volume or dramatic form "Le fils de Coralie."

Everyone concerned in the matter, from the Parisian playgoer to M. Antoine himself, is to be congratulated on the appointment of the latter to the important post of manager at the Odéon. Less than ten years back André Antoine was a clerk in a great gas company, earning something under a pound a-week, and doing the most ill-paid kind of copying in his overtime in order to earn the price of a few theatre-tickets; for the future founder of the "Théâtre Libre" was early stage-struck, and, together with a friend, since well-known as a brilliant actor, he became a constant patron of that portion of Parisian theatres known as Paradise. Then came the formation of an excellent amateur company, which laid the foundation of the Théâtre Libre by producing several unconventional dramas, which attained great popularity.

The Théâtre Libre was founded after many cruel disappointments and rebuffs. M. Antoine had neither influence nor friends, and his theatrical programme shocked and surprised those critics brought up at the knees of Sarcéy. The young group of amateur comedians fought bravely on, giving their time and their talent to the interpretation of authors still unknown to the wider public. And so it came to pass that to M. Antoine fell the honour of first playing in France Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Tolstoi, and Maeterlinck, while among French *littérateurs* Zola, Coppée, De Banville, De Goncourt, and a host of younger men then less known to fame, entrusted their work to the curious little troupe of the Rue Blanche. In those days André Antoine was, in turn, "star," super, stage-manager, prompter, and booking-clerk. As the manager of the Odéon he will enjoy a State subvention and be expected to pay a certain attention to the classical répertoire, for the theatre is widely known as the Second Théâtre Français. His views on stage realism are well known; it will be interesting to see if the Antoine of yesterday will live again in "Monsieur le Directeur de l'Odéon."

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has a keen appreciation of the picturesque, and her views on New York, as confided to the Sunday edition of the *New York Journal*, are singularly interesting and to the point. She is absolutely frank in her expression of opinion, and admits freely that she was somewhat disappointed in her first glimpse of the States. Still, she admits that, during the last sixteen years, New York has made a truly prodigious advance, and she would like to see Paris dowered with leafy Park Avenue. It is curious to find a Frenchwoman and a Parisienne—by choice, if not by birth—criticising tall houses. She observes, truly enough, that a thoroughfare composed of buildings boasting of from twelve to fifteen storeys is lacking in beauty, and she goes on to say that there are hardly fifty houses in New York that are beautiful. *La grande Sarah* has a right to speak on

this matter, for her own dwelling is a charming "hotel," uniting all the comfort of an English home with the elegance of a French *intérieur*. But what seems to have shocked Madame Sarah most in New York are the statues—she is herself a fine sculptress—and she also puts in a plea for a great national theatre.

I was very much struck the other day at the "Zoo" with Pat, whose portrait adorns the opposite page. Although only a poor, ignorant chimpanzee, Pat evidently quite understood that the beautiful lady in the charming spring colours had expressed a wish to see him at closer quarters, for he came shambling across his cage, upsetting in his hurry a chair and his cousin Daisy, who came to keep him company only a few days ago, and urgently shook the door of his cage. When it was undone, Pat threw his arms lovingly round the keeper's neck, and seated himself astride on his waist, like an Eastern child on its Ayah, and allowed himself to be petted and handled by the ladies and children that grouped round him. "What a solemn, silent, old, wrinkled face he has!" remarked one of the ladies. "Bless yer," replied the keeper; "'e's only a child as yet; 'e ain't begun 'is regl'r teeth." Certainly Pat's face is as wrinkled as that of an old sailor of seventy, and in this respect wrinkles, which come out in our old age, are in contrast to most of our

other anthropoid characters, which commonly come out in the very early stages of our lives. With so many wrinkles it is only fit that Pat should have a turn for scolding. "Now, then, Pat," said the keeper, "scold your cousin Daisy, and this banana is yours." Pat pouted until his mouth was drawn out into a funnel, and gave forth such an unearthly growl that Daisy ought to have felt abashed. She was, however, as lively and pert as ever, as ready to steal his breakfast and bite his fingers if he tried to recover it as she had been in the morning. Pat got the banana, but fell in his visitors' estimation, because he prized the skin before any other part of the fruit. A long disquisition by the keeper on the various parts and qualities of Pat followed, but the only part of the discourse which caught the attention of the boys was when the keeper went on to remark the chimpanzee's fortune in not having to go to school or learn lessons; his non-liability for school-rates, income-tax, or criminal actions seemed to have little interest for his visitors.

The eleventh annual concert of the South Hampstead Orchestra was conducted the other night at St. James's Hall by Mrs. Julian Marshall, under whose bâton played a large number of ladies, including her daughters and one of her younger sisters, Miss Frances Thomas, the clarinetist. The third sister is Miss Bertha Thomas, the clever novelist and woman of letters. Their father was the late Canon Thomas,

of Canterbury, and their grandfather was a former Archbishop of Canterbury, Archbishop Sumner. The husband of Mrs. Marshall comes of a well-known Leeds family of flax-spinners, is an authority on lawn-tennis, has collected autographs, and is as musical as is his wife. Both the latter, over her initials "F. A. M.," and the former (who is also a contributor to *Notes and Queries*) have written articles for "Grove's Dictionary of Music." A "Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley" is among Mrs. Julian Marshall's literary works.

In order to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the Hungarian Kingdom, a grand ball will be arranged by the Austro-Hungarian colony in London, to be held early in July, under the direct auspices of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Countess Deym.

The white hat is going out of fashion. Go down Regent Street and along Piccadilly into Hyde Park any of these fine afternoons, and you will see very few men indeed wearing white top-hats in preference to glossy black silks. Yet the former *couverture de tête* is infinitely cooler and lighter. The change in fashion can't have anything to do with the now half-forgotten catch-phrase of bygone days, "Who stole the donkey?" "The man in the white hat."



MDLLE. LIANE DE POUGY.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.





"PAT," AT THE "ZOO."



Barney Barnato is a name that is known beyond the boundaries of finance, for Mr. G. R. Sims has christened his promising bulldog by the title. The dog took the principal prize in each class in which he was entered at the Aquarium Show the other day, and seems destined to have a successful career on the bench. A very different kind of show-dog, but one perhaps more amusing, is that whose photograph I reproduce. A bulldog looks so intensely serious that any sort of attempt to dress him up is necessarily comic, hence the humour of the situation.

I have had an adventure, or something like one. Scarcely a week ago I devoted the afternoon to perambulating Piccadilly, and met an old German who in *le temps jadis* endeavoured to make me a musician. Knowing the lines on which the good Teuton is built, I invited him to nourish his inner man at my expense. We adjourned to a house noted for its Lager Beer; he partook copiously, and said "Ach, Himmel!" or words to that effect, as only a German can. At a neighbouring table was a sunburnt man who seemed to be drinking a month's supply at one sitting. Two or three friends or acquaintances sat round, and I could not help hearing frequent mention of Bulawayo and several other strange-sounding places. I began to take an interest in these fragments, and soon gathered that the man with the thirst was another visitor from South Africa. Not only was he the hero of innumerable "hairbreadth 'scapes" the imminent deadly breach," but he was quite ready to sacrifice his eyesight upon the altar of his own veracity, asking, with moving pathos, to be blinded if he had not performed the feats he described. He had cut his way through Matabele warriors, had been besieged in an encampment, and was, in short, a really first-class liar. I listened to him with interest and attention until my friend had done his duty. Then I left him with his admirers.

On the night of the same day I passed the refreshment-place again, by an odd coincidence at the moment when this hero was coming out. I should not care to say that he had been in the place since five o'clock, when I left him there, but the facts are as stated. Friends and admirers had he none; alone, by himself, and with nobody to keep him company, he went down Shaftesbury Avenue. At heart I am a philosopher, and the condition of this man was food for reflection. At first, while following him, I calculated that an offer of sixty-six to one about his chance if he met a few Matabele at that moment would find no takers. Here was a man who, by his own confession, was braver than a lion, who conquered savages, and whom Bacchus had vanquished. Stern policemen looked uncertain as he passed them by and broke off at strange tangents. Newspaper-boys jeered, one 'bus-driver waxed facetious, but the man of many actions heeded nothing. Perhaps he was walking round himself to avoid the bullets of imaginary Matabele, but when he finally collapsed behind a temporary erection on the outskirts of Soho I saw the truth of the position. He was attacked by the hosts of *delirium tremens*, and sought refuge. Poor man, in the land of barbarism he had been in laager; now, in the heart of civilisation, the order of things had become reversed, and the lager was in him. I shed a tear and passed upon my way.

Of the genus waiter I sing, or rather, write. For years I have watched his methods and admired his tactics, at once firm and diplomatic. But praise will out, and I cannot withstand the claim of the waiter to my modest gift of praise. Some brethren of the serviette would make fortunes in the world of politics, would be ideal ambassadors at Courts

where diplomacy was difficult and dangerous. Only lately, at the close of a dinner given by a large institution to representatives of the Press, I marked a truly great man. While the meal was in progress he stood in the sun of his own dignity, and if anything was wanted abused one of his subordinates. Then he smiled at the guest as though to say, "You and I are equally distressed by the fellow's inattention." Only when cigars and coffee were the order of the moment did that king among waiters bestir himself. Then he passed along the serried ranks of the penmen. "I hope you have enjoyed your dinner, sir?" he would say in a tone whose constituent parts were pride, condescension, supplication, and latent wrath. As he spoke some hand belonging to him shot out within reach, and his victory was complete. Strong men who kill undertakings bowed down to this Napoleon of waiters, and paid the humble tribute of silver. Yet this truly great man never forgot his splendid dignity; there was not a man in the room who did not recognise that the waiter had raised them by accepting their gratuities.

In the May number of the *Philistine*, which is noticed—at some length in the present issue of *The Sketch*, occurs a paragraph about Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who is going to America with Mr. Barrie. "Ian Maclaren," I read, "is largely the creation of his splendid audacity of prophecy and executive ability." The writer then goes on to say that Dr. Nicoll "fully deserves his wide celebrity, for he has put into the chronicle of monotonous literary news and criticism an element of newness and vim that is characteristic of the best American journalism. He has made mere literary news as exciting and mysterious as politics or horse-racing. We now bet on the sales of new poets as well as on the Derby favourites. This adds a great deal to the picturesqueness and interest of 'The Literary Show,' and Dr. Nicoll deserves the credit due to a bold innovator. He marks an epoch in literary journalism, and his 'Scotch era' will be remembered in history. But"—there always is a but—"fashions change, and Ian Maclaren and some of Dr. Nicoll's other inventions and discoveries will pass into well-deserved oblivion in a very little while. They are significant simply as striking examples of the creation and genius of criticism. As 'famous authors' they are purely factitious. In a word, they must be considered, at par, simply as the shadows and phantoms of Dr. Nicoll's picturesque power of criticism and great creative gifts." The American interviewer will look forward to tackling "the great literary prophet of Paternoster Row."

Speaking of decadence and Scotland brings me to the Summer Number of the *Evergreen*, which is referred to in some detail elsewhere in this issue. It shows strong evidences of the personal influence

of Professor Patrick Geddes and the disciples he has gathered round him. Among the contributors are Dr. Douglas Hyde, Sir George Douglas, Fiona Macleod, and Mr. William Sharpe. The art is contributed by several well-known Northern black-and-white men; the whole number, permeated by a principle, is a strong indication of the growing strength of the Celtic School which is springing up in Modern Athens.

Cardinal Vaughan's afternoon receptions at Archbishop's House for the Mondays in June bring together all the light and leading of Catholic circles, from the premier Duke downwards. The Cardinal, at all times a picturesque presence, is doubly so in his scarlet robes of office as he receives his guests in a noble suite of rooms with which an outsider would scarcely accredit the flat-haunted region of Carlisle Place. Among those attending the last reception were Lady Mowbray and Stourton, with her daughters, Sir Richard and Lady Sankey, and many others.



BARNEY BARNATO.

Photo by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.



THE DEBATE AND THE DAY AFTER.

Photographs by G. W. Harker, Bradford.



The other day I had the pleasure of publishing the portrait of Countess Annesley and her little girl, and now here is one of Viscountess Glentworth, the wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Limerick. The daughter of J. Burke Irwin, resident magistrate of Limerick, she married Lord Glentworth in 1890, and has two little girls, Imelda Sybil and Victoria May, and a little boy.

Lord Lamington, the new Governor of Queensland, must have been considerably astonished, and he was certainly greatly interested, by the

man's dwellings are, as a rule, the worst representatives of the race. Few of the still wild blacks of Northern Queensland are under six feet in height. Like many other savages, they have their primitive heraldry, though their devices belong to the tribe rather than to the family. For instance, in Lord Lamington's bodyguard there was a man bearing a black shield with a white hand, the device of the old Port Macquarie tribe. His face and body were painted half white, half yellow, and he wore a frontlet and necklace of kangaroo's teeth. Another man wore a tuft of feathers drooping over his eye and two quills standing erect; he is known as



VISCOUNTESS GLENTWORTH AND HER DAUGHTER.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

reception which was given to him by his bodyguard of aborigines. The bodyguard was collected by Mr. Meston, who has spent twenty years of his life in studying the Queensland native. The Governor after the reception invited Mr. Meston and his protégés to Government House, where they gave various "turns," including a war-dance, and some astonishing athletic feats. The native who did a standing high-jump of five feet nine inches would be indeed an acquisition at Lillie Bridge. It is a mistake to think that the Queensland native is a poor specimen of manhood, though, of course, those of them who hang about the white

"One Eye." The shields of some bore a double red cross, the mark of the Clarence River natives. Those from the Russel and Johnson River districts had broad shields tapering to a point and covered with curious markings. Some had on their right shoulders oval lines, which are tribal marks, indicating the class to which each belongs, the class being settled by relationship. Intermarriage even with a fourth cousin is punished by death. The native weapons include the boomerang and several others which are less known but not less formidable.





### MR. BARRIE IN NOTTINGHAM.

The intimation in the *Illustrated London News* that Mr. Barrie (with Dr. Robertson Nicoll) is going to America in September gives peculiar interest to this account of his literary begin as a journalist in Nottingham. Everyone knows that the Silchester of "When a Man's Single" is Nottingham. Few places offer so many opportunities to a writer. Despite its lace and colour-printing works, the town is clean and pretty, and the visitor is here and there suddenly attracted by scenes of charming picturesqueness. A pleasant air of the country seems to invade the streets, and the sense of this is deepened by the big, lumbering carriers' waggons one meets on market-days, and the bands of rustics that crowd in on Saturday afternoons. It has, too, individual sights that give character to the town—the Castle, set on a hill, like a wart on a knuckle; the Great Market-Place, with its rows of stalls; and that splendid park, the Forest. But, apart from its physical beauties, Nottingham has a populace whose life is strongly individual. The "Nottingham lamb" survives, but only in the lower quarters; still, the life of the town retains many of the characteristics which gave rise to that sarcasm. The people seem fond of dress, light amusement—in fact, of everything that speeds unwilling time. The depression in the staple trade has left its marks, doubtless; but the lace-girl maintains her gaiety of demeanour, her love of dancing and dress is as strong as ever. The manufacturer, despite an inclination to grumble, is a mirth-loving individual. One gets the impression, indeed, that an eternal Goose Fair would excellently well suit the ordinary Nottingham native's idea of Paradise. And that same Goose Fair is a thing worth seeing. As an ebullition of vigorous young life—for sprightliness, for fun, for good humour, for plenty of sport with a spice of vulgarity, it can scarcely be equalled. I am not denying to Nottingham an intellectual and a deeper life than this; but, regarding the town as a whole, existence is mostly of the playful kind—superficial, perhaps, with a good deal of the mirth that keeps hearts green. Nor am I denying the place a somewhat low moral tone.

It was in this quaint town that Mr. Barrie spent his apprenticeship to journalism, and a rather peculiar apprenticeship it must have been. Nottingham Pressmen are a somewhat Bohemian set, and the reputation of the *Journal* staff in this respect still lingers in the town. Indeed, the picture of life in the *Mirror* office in "When a Man's Single" is not, despite its evident caricature, so far wide of the mark. Although the *Journal* office had, and has, a handsome frontage on Victoria Street, it was entered from a very narrow and mean-looking passage running through the block of buildings of which it formed part, so that it fairly answered Mr. Barrie's description of being "nearly crushed out of sight in the middle of a street for town councils to pull down gradually." But it is inside that the queer things went on. Barrie went there in February 1883, and lived a somewhat lonely life in vivacious Nottingham for about eighteen months. He had not much of his own way on the *Journal*, though I believe he went to it as editor. "Penny" was, for the most part, commander-in-chief, and a lively time he must have had of it. Before leaving Nottingham some time ago I sought out "Penny," to have a talk with him. I found him proprietor of a neat little public-house in a pretty suburb. A silver-haired gentleman he is, not the lank, loose-jointed foreman compositor of the *Mirror* who shuffled about the office in slippers, ruled the compositors with a loud voice and a blustering manner. It was "Penny" who had most to do with getting the *Journal* out. "Barrie," said he to me, "was very quiet and retiring, and a most reliable worker. Somehow, he did not seem to be judged at his proper worth in Nottingham, though he always struck me as one likely to make his mark. He and I were very friendly, but I have not seen him since he left here." Fame, after all, is a curious thing. "When a Man's Single" has reached six editions, and yet "Penny" confessed to me that he had not read it. Perhaps he heard about "the loud voice and the blustering manner." Still, he bears no ill-will, and he looks forward to seeing Mr. Barrie one of these days. Only one or two of the staff of the *Journal* of Mr. Barrie's day are left in Nottingham; the rest are "scattered through the wide world's cities," some of them having risen to eminence in journalism. When they meet nowadays it is to talk over old times, of the *Journal* and the "Frying Pan." This was the "literary club" where "Daddy Walsh" and "Kirker" got "fou." It was situated in Parliament Street, almost

opposite the office of the *Daily Express*, which is the successor of the *Journal*. So far as the "literary" part of it is concerned, the club seems to have died with the *Journal*. I am wrong, though; the *Journal* is not dead; it only sleepeth—the *Express* using its name as a sub-title. The "Press House" now is the inn at the corner of Parliament Street and Clumber Street. But to return to Mr. Barrie. He lived a lonely life, as I have said, and wore the same solemn face that he does still. It was his frequent habit to sit writing at the window of his lodgings, which were in a pretty part of the town; and a young lady, who felt some pity for the quiet, solitary Scotsman, has told me that often she did her best—it is a most likeable best, too—to make him smile. It was useless.

But though of its journalistic sons now living Mr. Barrie is the most famous, Nottingham has reared many men in newspaper work. The *Daily Guardian* has itself nurtured not a few. One or two words about this paper may not be out of place; it is a notable one, in a way. This month it is celebrating its jubilee. It was started in 1846 by the Duke of Portland, Lord George Bentinck, and others as a weekly paper, at 4½d. Its object in life was to promote Protection, and under its title it still bears a strange device to indicate that fact, though it has departed from belief in it. The daily issue of the *Guardian* commenced in July 1861, and then the weekly became more and more a county paper. Mr. Thomas Forman was the original proprietor, and the business, to which large book and colour printing departments have been added, is now conducted by his sons. The newspaper part of the work is superintended by Mr. John Forman, who has under him a very capable staff. The editing of the daily paper is in the hands of Mr. Richard Ivens, who does the leader-writing, which has come to be known locally as the "We-ing." Mr. Ivens has much faith in the mysterious "We." The chief sub-editor is Mr. William Richardson, who is a fine hand with flimsy. An old Scotch journalist—a Dumfries-shire man—Mr. William Kerr, is editor of the *Evening Post*, the evening issue of the *Guardian*. Mr. Kerr has also charge of the book-reviewing, which is all done within the office. One of the kindest and most humorous of men, Mr. Kerr is a journalist of far more than ordinary ability. Mr. J. L. Edmondson sub-edits the *Post*. The weekly paper is under the care of Mr. A. G. Smith, an Elgin man, who is a most reliable all-round journalist. The senior sporting sub-editor is Mr. J. A. Burrow, and there is a large staff of reporters. Chief of the latter is Mr. George Hamlyn, whose quaint, inverted style is easily noticeable. This, then, is the present staff; but what of those who have already passed through the Sherwood Street office? Mention of one or two should suffice: Mortimer Collins, poet and novelist; Davenport Adams, dramatic critic; A. G. Henty, romancist, who has been a leader-writer for the *Guardian*.

An honourable though not so ancient a history belongs to the *Daily Express*, with which, as I have said, has been incorporated the old *Journal*. The *Express* is the Liberal paper, and displays in all departments conspicuous energy and ability. The *Guardian* and *Post* retain the old-fashioned style, while the *Express* and its evening paper, the *News*, are "newer," but I daresay the lively Nottingham folk could do with something "newer" still. Mr. David Edwards is the clever manager, and the editor, who fills the place vacated last year by Mr. John Derry, of the *Sheffield Independent*, is Mr. John Hammerton. The chief sub-editor is Mr. James Shipman. The sub-editing of the *News* is in the able hands of Mr. Arthur Mee. A strong reporting-staff is chiefed by Mr. Hubert Grant, whose musical and dramatic criticisms are much above the ordinary standard of provincial work of this kind. From the *Express* office is also sent out a weekly paper. Altogether, it will be seen that Nottingham has a good supply of journals and journalists. In fact, "having regard to that which appertains"—but, after using a phrase which must be so familiar to Nottingham readers, I dare say it is time I drew these notes to a close.

J. M.



THE SALUTE.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "THE SIN OF HAGAR." \*

In this, her latest novel, the popular author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" shows no falling-off from her old skill. The book bustles along at a great pace, and holds the reader's interest enthralled all the time. The publisher, too, has done his part by providing good paper, clear and eminently readable type, and a pretty, simple binding, all of which add substantially to the reader's enjoyment.

The story is one of true love sundered, for a space at least, by villainous arts. Young Sir William Cassilis, a fair, handsome, athletic baronet of five-and-twenty, loves Nadège, known to her intimates as "Sweetie," the sixteen-year-old daughter of Lord Straubenzee, described as a *petite* beauty, with a dimpled, pathetic little face. Lord Straubenzee is a benevolent but eccentric recluse, devoted to his books, an epicure in his way, who breakfasts on kidney-omelette and strawberries. He has been driven away from Sidmouth by tourists and golf-maniacs, and has buried himself for a part of the summer in the village of Chudleigh Salterton, a name, by the way, which differs only by one letter from one which is to be found in guide-books and time-tables; but local colour has, of course, always been one of Miss Helen Mathers' strong points.

Chudleigh Salterton contains another eccentric but not benevolent recluse, one Dr. Gregorias, who has a daughter Hagar, of a very opposite style of beauty to that of Nadège's. She is tall and dark, of a pale Greek type, with rich, dark copper-coloured hair of extraordinary length. Her life, poor child, has been one of impotent revolt, horror, and degrading misery; for Dr. Gregorias is a hypnotist and a wanderer in the by-paths of psychological science, and he has an evil and not undeserved reputation in the village, where the simple country-folk call him "the Wizard," and shrink with instinctive horror out of his way. He is a cold scientist, dead apparently to every human feeling, who, having already sacrificed his wife to the Moloch of his scientific ambition, went on to immolate his daughter on the same hideous altar of unspeakable suffering.

But a swift Nemesis is at hand. Dr. Gregorias is found in his chair strangled, with all his strange books and appliances around him. Hagar is on the beach when the discovery is made, and accident placed it in Lord Straubenzee's power to break the sad news to her. Hagar's passionate joy at her newly found freedom, though absolutely justified, is nevertheless shocking; but her forlorn situation, combined with her singular beauty and the miserable story of her life, quickly earn for her Lord Straubenzee's practical sympathy. There is no clue as to who can have committed the murder, but local gossip points to a man with a dark, foreign face, who pushed off to sea in a small boat soon after the crime must have been committed; Dr. Martin, the quaint old-world country doctor, who pays his professional calls in white "kicksies" and a cut-away tweed coat, has his suspicions, but Hagar makes him a passionate appeal and he agrees to stand by her, the more so that she has become an honoured guest in Lord Straubenzee's house. The evening of the murder she asks Dr. Martin for a sleeping-draught, and orders are given that she is not to be disturbed. But there is no sleep for her till all her father's books and papers, all the appliances of his horrible pursuits, have been destroyed. Silently and secretly in the moonless summer night she creeps out of her kind host's house to the house of the dead. Firm in her purpose, she is turned aside from her strange errand by no difficulty, no dread of detection. Six times she journeys, laden with books and papers, curious bottles and instruments, between the house of the wizard and an old disused well hard by. The Coroner's inquest does not throw much light on the mystery, and results in a verdict of wilful murder against the foreign-looking man, Antoine Laroque, a friend of Dr. Gregorias, who had escaped in the boat. The strange removal of the dead man's books and chemicals leads to questions,

but Hagar lies bravely, and is supported by Lord Straubenzee's evidence and the incident of the sleeping-draught.

The clouds which have hung over Hagar's life now seem to be clearing. The lovers, Will Cassilis and Nadège, are parted by Lord Straubenzee for a year; for they are as yet hardly old enough to marry, and the fond father is determined to test the young people's constancy before allowing them to embark on the perilous sea of matrimony. Will Cassilis has no liking for Hagar, whom he suspects of vague evil designs, but, nevertheless, Hagar goes back to school with Nadège. Before she goes, however, Nadège is the involuntary witness of a scene—Hagar imploring and entreating some boon from a strange man.

Sir William Cassilis chafes at his banishment, chiefly because he is jealous of Lord Trelawney, known to all the county as Blake Trelawney, who is described as a saturnine, disappointed man, dark, with muscles of iron, and topaz lights in his extraordinarily brilliant black eyes! Cassilis's jealousy is well-founded, for this somewhat melo-

dramatic peer has a *grande passion* for Nadège, and he resolves to win her. He has loved her ever since they were children together, but he struck no answering chord of affection in her breast, which is absolutely devoted to Will Cassilis. At school Nadège has headaches, and Hagar, in soothing her, finds that she herself possesses that mysterious hypnotic power which her father used to exercise over her for purposes of scientific investigation. Then comes what may be styled the second act of the story; the year of probation is almost up: Nadège and Hagar are at Straubenzee, Lord Straubenzee's magnificent ancestral mansion, and Trelawney, who lives near, is constantly with the two girls. He divines one of Hagar's secrets, namely, that she is passionately in love with Sir William Cassilis, her own friend's lover. Trelawney forces her to use her influence over Nadège in his interests, and also indirectly in her own, and it seems as if this diabolical plot would really succeed in separating Will from his sweetheart. But the young couple temporarily check the plotters by getting Sir William Cassilis's chaplain to marry them privately. Nevertheless, in the honeymoon, which is spent near Straubenzee, the machinations of Hagar are renewed for her own ends of seducing Cassilis to her side, though Trelawney's better nature has at last asserted itself.

The stars in their courses, not to mention Lord Straubenzee's sister, Lady Lirriper, a delightfully wicked and amusing old lady of the world, fight against the married lovers. Hagar pursues her machinations, obtains complete hypnotic power over Nadège, who, under her influence, attempts to poison her husband before several witnesses, while in private she strikes him and abuses him with violent imprecations. Cassilis, who adores her, still remains devoted to her. There are terrible scenes. Nadège is made to simulate drunkenness, which is an hereditary taint in her family; Hagar pursues Cassilis through a forest: he has a fall, and is unconscious all night in her arms, but when morning comes she knows, by his cry for Nadège, that her plots have failed.

Meanwhile, Nadège, still under the hypnotic influence, has fled to Trelawney, who does not betray the trust, though he will not at first give her up. He does at last, however, and this extraordinary novel concludes with an account of her life given by Hagar in the presence of those whom she has so strangely injured. Her speech ended, Hagar sucks a poisoned ring and dies.

## ANOTHER GEORGE MOORE.

Mr. George Moore, it appears, has a namesake in the writing craft. This George Moore the second is an American author, and has lately written a clever farce, called "The Wife of Darius," which is well spoken of. Darius is the *nom-de-guerre* of a novelist who in this capacity attracts the attention and more than Platonic affection of his own wife.



MISS HELEN MATHERS.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

\* "The Sin of Hagar." By Helen Mathers. London: Hutchinson and Co.





The Song of  
Songs  
N°5 The Shulamite, in a dream,  
seeks her beloved.

My beloved put in his hand by the hole  
of the door;  
And my bowels were moved for him.  
I rose up to open to my beloved;  
And my hands dropped with myrrh,  
And my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh,  
Upon the handles of the lock,  
My soul had failed me when he spake:  
I sought him, but I could not find him;  
I called him, but he gave me no answer.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A PRETTY FINANCIER.

BY HENRY HOOTON.



YOUNG WOMAN who said, "Would you rarely?"—meaning "really"; who spoke in an affectedly natural drawl, indicative of immeasurable hauteur; and who, as though to shut out as far as possible, the sights of this too, too vulgar world, looked about her with eyelids lazily veiling one half of her dark-blue eyes. That is what she was. Add to this that she had as varied a fund of small talk, and a *savoir-faire* as perfect as that of any half-dozen drawing-room dowagers put together, and you will understand what a very superior barmaid Maggie Beaumont was.

Arthur Walton, in that dark tongue affected by smart young men "on 'Change," pronounced her "a nice little bit," meaning exactly the same as Sidney Rook, who called her "a very pleasant little girl"; while George Lester declared that life in the City but for the presence of little Maggie Beaumont would be—well, unmentionable.

Only Max Alden was silent as to the merits of this much-appreciated "young person"—as the sisters of these gentlemen would have styled her; but then, "Old Max only looks after the shekels," said Arthur Walton in explanation.

Old Max certainly did look after the shekels, and, if rumour spoke truly, to a very good purpose; that little affair of the Booroo Gold-Mine meant "a cool thou," said his friends and admirers. And then there was the Electric Fly-Killer Company, Limited—he certainly had not withdrawn his astute finger from that pie without a very substantial plum. Still, Old Max was only twenty-seven, after all, and silence on the subject of a lady's charms is not always a sign of indifference.

"Come in and see the little girl," said Arthur Walton one day to Max Alden. "'Pon my word, I believe the fellow's shy." He turned to Sidney Rook; they exchanged a glance, and, each taking the reluctant Max by an arm, dragged him into the cosy private bar of the George and Bull.

"Be kind to him, Maggie," said Walton, introducing his friend; "he is so shy!"

Miss Beaumont shook hands with the new-comer—this is etiquette with a "superior barmaid"—and, to let him down easily, opened conversation with a remark on the weather.

"It is beautiful," he agreed. And then, waxing loquacious, "Do you know Box Hill? That's where I live. Well, I went up the hill at five o'clock this morning, and it was really delightful."

"Indeed?" said Maggie, "I can imagine it was."

"Come and see it one day with—"

This was taking things a little too rapidly, and Arthur Walton interrupted his friend. "You must wait your turn, old man," he said gravely. "Miss Beaumont has promised me her first vacant Sunday for I don't know how long."

"And me, too," said Rook. "I can't understand why that Sunday never comes round."

"No more can I," Arthur Walton took him up.

"I'm sure I'm a very nice fellow for a day on the river," said Rook.

"And so am I," said Walton.

"You both are!" said Miss Beaumont emphatically. And she spoke the truth, for these young men, although perfectly unconstrained and natural in her presence, were never—will the reader credit it?—ungentlemanly.

During this talk the superior barmaid had, with a knowledge of these young men's habits, placed their different drinks before them, and then, without waiting for an order, brought Old Max a glass of lemonade.

"Hullo!" cried Walton, who noticed this. "You sly Old Max! You've been in here before!"

Max denied the accusation, and his friends were bound to take his word as final. Still, it was strange that Maggie should have guessed his invariable after-lunch drink.

"I call it intuition," said Rook.

"It's telepathy," said Walton.

"That implies sympathy between the parties, doesn't it?" said George Lester, who had just joined the group.

"Oh, rarely!" laughed Maggie.

"I must be off; it's settling-day," said Max Alden.

"Ah, now you'll rake in the shekels," said Rook. "D' you know," he continued, turning to Maggie when Max was gone, "that fellow's the sharpest card on 'Change; he never seems to make a mistake."

"Can't understand it," said Walton.

"Rarely?" drawled Miss Beaumont, and the next moment she was called away.

"I do wish she wouldn't say 'rarely,'" said Walton as he left the

George and Bull with his friend Rook. "It's the only fault I find with the girl. A pity," he added, "for she's such a nice little bit."

"A very pleasant little girl," his friend agreed.

"Isn't her hair a delicious glossy black?" asked Walton dreamily, when he was half-way down Throgmorton Avenue.

"Beg pardon, sir?" said a commissionaire at his side.

Rook had disappeared, and Walton, glaring at the unoffending messenger, hurried into his office.

Later in the afternoon an elderly gentleman—a nice old gentleman—first making sure that there were no loungers about the bar, stepped in to see Miss Beaumont, and, for greeting, he held her hand, a pretty little hand, and patted it—in quite a grandfatherly manner, you understand—at least half-a-dozen times. Then the young lady, still looking very affectionately at the venerable stockbroker, gently withdrew her hand from his, poured him out a glass of her best sherry, and, while he smoked his cigar, chatted with him confidentially.

"Ah, Maggie, it's nice to see your pleasant face in this weary business-world," the old man sighed. He further called Miss Beaumont his "little Nausicaa," and, on being pressed for an explanation, "She was the girl who was so kind to Ulysses, you know, when he was away from home," he said.

"I should like to know what Penelope thought of her," said Miss Beaumont, with a quick laugh—a laugh unusually bright and natural for this languid young lady.

"Penelope! what do you know about her?" cried the old gentleman in amazement.

"Why, wasn't she his wife?" asked Maggie, with her usual drawl.

The old gentleman gazed thoughtfully at the ash of his cigar, blinked, puffed a blue cloud, and, looking up, said, "You do surprise me sometimes, Maggie. Really, you're most refreshing!"

Maggie was, or appeared to be, so pleased with this compliment that she opened her eyes a little wider on the old gentleman, which, for her, was a decided concession. "What have you been doing in the House to-day?" she asked.

"There's another puzzle!" he cried. "What can you care about stocks and shares?"

"Oh, it's so amusing," she laughed, "all your queer talk of 'bulls' and 'bears'! Come, tell me what you've been saying to-day." The old man was silent, and Maggie, leaning across the bar, carelessly dropped a hand—not beyond his reach. And the venerable again began to pat—it seemed to please the dear old fellow. "Not what you've been saying to other people," said Maggie slyly, "but what you've been saying to yourself." Still the venerable was silent, and Maggie made as if to leave him.

"Egyptians," he hastily whispered, and she stayed.

"What about them?"

"Buy."

"Is that true?" asked Maggie, opening her blue eyes still wider.

"Yes, buy Egyptians," he cooed, and, for all the unction he put into them, his words might have been a declaration of love.

"Hold them?" queried Maggie softly.

"Till the twenty-seventh," said the old man, still patting her hand.

Maggie broke away from him with a laugh. "Rarely!" she said, "it's awfully exciting to be in possession of such tremendous secrets—rarely!"

At this moment a party of young men invaded the bar, and the venerable took his leave. "Funny little girl," he thought. "I wonder why she always pumps me like that? Couldn't resist those eyes for the life of me. What would Mary say? Lord, but I am an old fool!" And he went back to the office, feeling refreshed.

Miss Beaumont, meanwhile, took a little slip of paper and wrote on it, "Buy Egyptians and hold till 27th." This done, she turned to charm her fresh circle.

It was a few days later that Arthur Walton, sitting alone in the bar of the George and Bull, sighed, dashed the sitting in general, and declared that, unless things took an immediate turn for the better, he, Arthur Walton, would be compelled to negotiate for the loan of a broom and a good crossing. What "the Governor" would say, moreover, he did not at that particular moment care to think.

Now, the duties of barmaids are manifold, and the mere serving-out of beverages to thirsty mankind is but the least of them. To talk multitudinous platitudes to empty youth is a grade higher; and to charm, very wisely, the more exigent taste of the affluent middle-aged a decided accomplishment. But perhaps the most delicate task required of her is to act as mother-confessor and adviser-in-general to such of her clients as are down on their luck; and this service, as she very clearly saw, was now required of Maggie Beaumont.

"Why, Mr. Walton, what is the matter?" she asked.

"Everything, Maggie, everything!" groaned the young man.

Miss Beaumont did not gather much from this, and, seeking particulars, learned that Mr. Walton had just "dropped" considerably more than his pocket could afford. Then the mother-confessor began to upbraid her erring son of the Stock Exchange; his duty—she knew all about him—was simply to carry out the behests of his wiser father; why did he risk his little neck before the head it bore was sufficiently well primed in the mysterious art of turning paper into money?



Arthur Walton attempted to defend himself—there were so many things a fellow wanted that a beggarly three hundred wouldn't run to. Then what was the only thing for a fellow to do? Why, to "turn a penny" for himself—which is, being interpreted, to put down a penny and pick up three-halfpence.

"Is it very bad this time?" asked Maggie, for she had heard the same tale before.

"There'll be an awful row!" answered Walton ruefully. "I shall have to draw on the Governor, and he'll tell the Mater, and—well, that's the worst of it."

"I wish I could help you," said Maggie, after a pause.

"I'm sure you would if you could," he answered, and they both felt they had spoken foolishly. They were silent for a few moments.

"Mr. Walton," said Maggie, with unusual seriousness.

"Yes, Maggie."

"If I tell you something, will you promise not to repeat it?"

"Why, yes, of course I will."

"And you won't ask questions?"

"Not if you forbid me."

"Well, I do forbid you." She paused nervously.

"Well, Maggie, out with it."

"I want to help you," said the girl—Arthur Walton stared in astonishment—"to recoup your losses. You must—buy Egyptians, and hold till the 27th."

"Why, but, however——?"

"You promised——"

"Ah, yes! I mustn't ask questions." He reflected for a moment or two, and came to a decision: Miss Beaumont should be his Delphic Oracle; he would scrape all his halfpennies together for a "plunge." And the excitement of the new project quite restored his spirits.

"Won't you come up the river next Sunday?" he begged, and again Miss Beaumont referred him to her "very next" vacant Sunday, and he rather ungraciously declared his belief that that day was a myth.

"No, we really will have a day up the river together before we die, I promise you," she said. "It's one of the things I've set my heart on."

The twenty-seventh came, and Arthur Walton dropped his Egyptians and picked up a very pleasant little pile in their place. Hurrying to the George and Bull, in order to thank Miss Beaumont for his good luck, he met Max Alden, who also owned to having made a very nice thing out of the same stock.

"Then," said Walton, "we'll go in and have a drink on the strength of it. Why!"—he stared in astonishment at the bar—"where's Miss Beaumont?"

"She's left us," said the new-comer.

"Now, that's too bad!" said Walton; and then, thinking that Alden took the desertion far too coolly, "you don't seem to mind," he added.

"I think we shall survive it, old man," said the imperturbable Max quietly.

"No affection in that fellow," Walton decided. "Only cares for his business." And, lacking Miss Beaumont's bright presence, their glass of luck fell quite flat—they might have been drinking at a meeting of their own creditors, said Alden—"at our own liquidation," he added, looking in vain for Walton's approval of the wicked pun. "Never mind, old man, you'll soon get over it," he said.

"You don't understand, Old Max," said Walton. "I know she was only a barmaid, and all that, but—dash it!—so different from the usual run of them. I call her a lady"—Alden was all attention—"I do. She may have had a few bad tricks—that fearful 'rarely,' for instance—but she was a little brick."

"What a pity she can't know of your good opinion!" said Alden.

"I'll tell her—if ever I see her again," said the other, and the two men parted.

Arthur Walton did not forget Maggie Beaumont, and the following Sunday, as he rowed lazily along by Streatley, his memory of the superior barmaid was painfully acute. It was too bad of her, after promising him a day on the river, too! But—here followed reflections on the feminine character in general and on that of Miss Beaumont in particular, all too scathing to be set out in black-and-white. Suffice it to say that, just as he had reached that stage when the whole sex is given over to the Lord of Enigma, he suddenly sat up, with the exclamation, "By Jove! There's Old Max with a girl—a jolly pretty girl, too! Ah, those quiet ones! I'll go and get introduced." He paused to reflect. "Yes," he decided, "that's the best way—run them down."

The boat thus threatened was moored to the bank, but so carelessly that it had drifted out several yards into the river, thus facilitating Mr. Walton's charitable purpose. And another thing in his favour was that Max Alden and his golden-haired companion were sitting in the stern-seat with their backs towards the enemy. "I'm so glad I needn't go any more!" the young lady was saying, when, hearing the splash of oars, she turned her head.

"Oh, Mr. Walton!" she cried, "do be careful!" and, leaning forward, she caught the nose of his boat and turned it aside.

Arthur Walton paddled back in great surprise. Who was this girl with the short golden curls that seemed so ready with his name? Surely, surely, he could never forget the name of the owner of *such* a face!

"Keep quiet, Iris," growled Alden.

"I shall tell," whispered the young lady so addressed.

Walton bowed to her rather sheepishly. "Indeed," he protested,

"I cannot have forgotten your name." Perhaps the accent was on "your."

"It's very evident you have," she answered with feigned pique, and, looking down, smiled into a luncheon-basket.

"How are you, Old Max?"

"How are you, Walton?"

The two young men shook hands and then waited, rather awkwardly.

"I won't go till he introduces me," said Walton to himself stubbornly.

"Besides, she knows me already. Dashed remarkable, though!"

"I was wondering where I should get lunch," he said, to fill an uncomfortable pause. The girl raised her head as though to speak, and Alden, trying hard to make it appear an accident, kicked her foot. What could these signs mean? Walton looked sharply from one to the other, and continued, "All these riverside houses charge so high and give one such a wretched feed——"

"Rarely?" The girl looked up, her blue eyes veiled with lazy lids.

"What? No! How can it be?" Walton stared helplessly at the girl's golden curls; but for *them*, it might have been.

Such a delicious little trill of laughter! Walton swears he can never forget it, and, in the midst of his intoxication, a dim sense of Old Max growling, "Iris, I'm very angry with you!"; and the girl's answer, "Dear Old Max!"—And then he, "Iris—Mr. Walton; Mr. Walton—my wife!"

"Oh, how could——?" But Arthur Walton did not finish his question; he was not certain whether it might not appear rude.

"Come in," said Mrs. Alden, making room for him in the boat, "and I'll tell you all about it during lunch."

Then, in spite of her husband's frowns, Mrs. Alden told her little tale. Things had been going very badly a year before, and one night Max had come home more downcast than usual. Now, it happened that he had that day heard that the George and Bull—in whose upstairs dining-rooms he took his lunch—was in want of a barmaid, and, as a joke, he had said, "Supposing you apply for the post, Iris? You might charm all the old money-bags to divulge their secrets." "I will," she immediately answered, and Max was frightened—it was only his joke. But Iris was not to be put off. She procured a black wig, used *jaune*-powder, and otherwise disguised herself, applied for the post, and got it. "And," she concluded, "it answered splendidly."

"Max," said Walton, "I told you Maggie Beaumont was a brick."

"Really?" cried the young wife, clapping her hands.

"You used to say 'rarely,'" Walton reminded her.

"That was part of the disguise," she answered demurely.

## MR. BARNEY BARNATO.

Here is a curious cartoon of Mr. Barney Barnato's ambassadorial effort in South Africa. On the left side you see the Cape and Rhodesia Hurdles, on the right is the Transvaal Hurdle, with brave Barney a-horse on one side, and Mr. Rhodes unhorsed on the other. The following legend is printed beneath the picture, which is called "A Staunch Friend"—



BARNEY. Fain would I jump, but I fear to fall.  
RHODES, p. c. I jumped too high, and have lost my all.  
BARNEY. Cheer up, my friend, you will rise again.  
RHODES, p. c. My name lies buried with the Doornkop slain.  
BARNEY. To fill your place I will do my best.  
RHODES, p. c. Don't take advantage while I'm at rest.  
BARNEY. You love not me, 'tis no strange mystery.  
RHODES, p. c. You mean Kimberley, that's ancient history.  
BARNEY. To you I've ever been loyal and true.  
RHODES, p. c. Result spelt success in my work with you.  
BARNEY. Are not my interests with yours allied?  
RHODES, p. c. I repent not calling you by my side.  
BARNEY. My mind's made up; to Cape Town I'll ride,  
And as Prime Minister my time I'll bide;  
I'll adorn myself in a soldier's girdle,  
And redeem your fall o'er the Transvaal Hurdle!



MISS GRANVILLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LVII.—THE "FISHING GAZETTE" AND  
MR. R. B. MARSTON.

When my friends ask why I do not "bike" or play golf, I blandly reply, "Because I fish." They smile contemptuously, but vainly. "A worm at one end and a fool at the other" may be an excellent epigram; yet you might well substitute "ball" for "worm," or quote the cynic's "ass on wheels" of the cyclist. To mistranslate Molière, "I take my pleasure where I find it," and do not regret that I find it on river or lake. The natural tendency of the journalist is to read papers as well as write for them, which was powerfully pointed out by Balzac in his tale of the blind old newspaper-man who took keen pleasure in the smell of freshly printed paper. Consequently, when fishing caught me last year, and dethroned chess and forced billiards to take seventy in the hundred as a pastime, I began reading the *Fishing Gazette*, and read religiously from beginning to end, including the advertisements. Moreover, I bought and studied quite a number of books upon the gentle craft.

Gradually the name of Marston became what the French call an "obsession," and when I learnt that Mr. R. B. Marston edits the *Fishing Gazette*, I resolved to meet him. A letter in the name of *The Sketch* brought me an invitation to his house at Denmark Hill.

The hall would have betrayed the angler by the splendid 35 lb. pike and other specimen fish, and the drawing-room, with its picture by Rolfe—the "Herring" of fishermen—and studies of Highland fishing scenery.

My first question was plain. "How do you, an active member of such a firm as Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., find time to edit the *Fishing Gazette*, and write for it too, as well as edit and revise such a book as 'Angling,' and invent valuable pieces of tackle and—?"

He interrupted me politely, "One can generally find time to cultivate one's hobbies, and I have been a keen fisherman all my life. That was why I bought the *Fishing Gazette* eighteen years ago. It was then about two years old, and, I regret to say, conducted economically by poaching 'copy' from the *Field* and *Land and Water*—of course, I promptly gave up such an unsportsmanlike system, and the paper has grown and thrived in my hands."

"It would seem to an outsider that it must have a small circulation?"

"How many fishing clubs do you suppose there are in these islands?"

"Without prejudice to my position as interviewer, I will guess about five hundred?"

"There are three or four times as many, and some, such as The Flyfishers' Club, which I founded in 1884, have many members, while there are more anglers out of the clubs than in. Moreover, there are a great many tackle-makers, and they employ a very large capital."

"Your advertisements show that."

"Yes, but we are in no sense a trade paper. The *Fishing Gazette* primarily exists to give fishing news to anglers and to be a medium for giving information—you must know that there is a strong feeling of comradeship in anglers, and a question in our columns as to where fishing is to be had promptly finds an answer. Furthermore, we take up all questions of legislation about angling."

"I have lately read in the paper much correspondence about stocking the Thames, and learn that you presented a thousand yearling trout?"

"They were given by a Hampshire friend to me. I do not think you could afford space for the question of the Thames Angling Preservation Society and the Lower Thames Re-Stocking Association. Certainly everyone will be glad to see more fish put into our splendid river, but I, for one, believe that it contains plenty of fish, only, fortunately or unfortunately, they are too cunning. When I lived at Croydon I had three acres of water, and at first my sons and I could catch the fish easily—of course, we put them back. After a while our craft became practically unavailing except upon extraordinary occasions. Even the fish we introduced from other waters became too shy. That is the case with the Thames fish. They are there, but 'all there.' I have suggested to the T.A.P.S. that they should net one or two reaches and show what a quantity of fish there are."

"And what about the salmon?"

"Oh," he answered, "it is not a mere jest. Why, the other day I had a letter from Mr. W. G. Wortham, of Woolwich, saying that coarse fish are once more being caught at Woolwich, and that since last spring roach, dace, perch, and stickleback have been taken. His opinion is that the Thames has grown so much cleaner and purer that, if salmon were placed in the river this year, they would return in due course."

"Why, it will be delightful for us; the briefless will be able to sit on the Temple Embankment and catch a 'relish' for the four o'clock tea—perhaps, too, they won't be so wary above the locks as the other fish. By-the-bye, are there not improvements in tackle to keep pace with the increased cunning of the fish?"

"There are constant improvements; but the fish seem to keep a little ahead, so far as the Thames is concerned."

"Then, what is the prospect of the poor Thames angler?"

"Well, since trailing has been stopped the pike are increasing, perch are more plentiful than they were, and, if the Preservation Society were more liberally supported, though the glorious early days will never return, the fishing would be wonderfully good for a river running through the biggest city in the world."

"It seems to me that, according to your weekly reports, at present a good many fish are caught in the Thames?"

"That is so, and during the last few years there has been an improvement. It is only fair to say that during its fifty years of life the T.A.P.S. has caused a large number of fish to be put in the Thames, chiefly from the water companies' reservoirs. That hardly applies to the trout, the splendid Thames trout, a grand fighting fish. A cruel fish too," he added, "and one that breaks hearts as well as traces, so often is even the most skilful unrewarded."

Unfortunately, at this point we began to discuss tackle, and grew technical. He took me upstairs to the library and showed me treasures in reels, flies, lines, and other instruments that made my mouth water. Then we turned to his splendid collection of fishing-books. Among them I admired the magnificent hundredth edition of Walton, edited by Mr. Marston, superbly printed and grandly illustrated, and then an early edition worth about its weight in gold. I rejoiced, too, at Mr. Marston's work, "Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing," which has appeared in "The Book-Lover's Library." An old German work from which Walton had borrowed fascinated me, while an antique illustrated French book, with drawings of some devices since re-invented and clamorously advertised, had its humours. Indeed, nothing but the dread of missing the last train dragged me away from my patient, amiable host and his treasures.

## NATIONAL ANGLING CLUBS' COMPETITION.

This has been a bad season for angling. Week after week the sun has shone from a cloudless sky, and the efforts of anglers to lure fish have met with little success. Towards the close of May the weather improved.

Genial showers have fallen since then, and some good baskets of trout have been taken on Loch Leven with the fly. The average weight of these famous fish is 13½ oz. The loch is leased from Sir G. Graham-Montgomery, Bart., by an association, at a rental of a thousand pounds per annum. The fleet of boats numbers twenty-two, each boat accommodating two anglers, who pay half-a-crown an hour for trout-fishing. One boatman is paid by the association and the other is paid by the boat-hirer. As showing the productiveness of this loch, which covers 3543 acres, it may be stated that during the last twenty years over three hundred thousand trout have been killed in its waters with the rod. The season opens in January and closes at the end of August, but anglers seldom frequent the loch until the middle of April. From May to the close



A CHAMPION ANGLER.  
Photo by R. B. Laing, Kinross.

of the season over a hundred club competitions are held. The most important and interesting of these is the National, which has just taken place. The object of this competition is to foster fly-fishing, and bring together the pick of anglers from angling clubs to vie with each other for the supremacy of the club they represent and the honour of holding the much-coveted National Championship. It is unfortunate that the number of boats available for the contest is so limited, as it might have been made more national in character by a stronger representation from England than at present, while Wales and Ireland could also have been represented. At the annual meeting, held previous to the competition, this question was discussed, and it was decided to reduce the number of rods allowed to office-bearers from seven to five, and to allocate the number of rods set free to Welsh or Irish clubs.

Forty-four competitors engaged in the contest, thirty-seven clubs being represented, including five from England. The competitors from across the Border had very light creels. One of them failed to secure a single fish, while a member of the Junior Flyfishers, London, had only one trout of 10 oz. The number of trout caught was 259, and their weight 208 lb. The winner of the Championship Medal was Mr. R. P. Wilson, of the Fifeshire Club, whose catch was fourteen trout, 11 lb. 9 oz. This gentleman seldom fails to secure a good basket of fish when he angles in Loch Leven. Other five prizes were awarded. Mr. D. A. Gow, of the Edinburgh Waverley Club, killed the heaviest trout, weighing 1 lb. 14 oz.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The picture by George Romney sold by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's Square, on Thursday, is unquestionably one of the very finest works of this distinguished artist. The two portraits are of Lady Caroline Spencer, eldest daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, and of her sister, Lady Elizabeth. The former lady married Henry second Viscount Clifden, and the late Viscount Clifden, who died at an early age in the spring of last year, was her great-grandson. This beautiful composition was not offered for sale last year with the other pictures and art collection which belonged to the late Viscount, owing to a technical difficulty, which no longer exists. The picture itself is an allegory, representing Music and Painting, and the two three-quarter-length figures are seated. Lady Elizabeth Spencer is on the right, in a white dress, playing a harp; Lady Clifden is in a red dress with blue sash, and a statuette stands on a table in front of her. The picture measures  $56\frac{1}{2}$  by  $72\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and is in the most

help of modern science"? And now, men are entitled to ask with some amazement, how on earth did they set about painting nature? Look around at the pictures hanging on these walls, and try and guess what ideal of nature, what outlook upon nature, they possessed who were capable, without a wink, of flinging these "interpretations of nature" before your eyes, expecting you to believe that this was the very outer world which day by day unrolled itself before your eyes. Take Mr. Holman Hunt's "Hiring Shepherd"; where did nature ever provide such colour for mankind, where such glaring effects? The picture has merits, of course, but not natural merits; its symbolism is ingenious, and its elaboration is clearly a labour of love; but, Mr. Ruskin, why insist that this is the "painting of nature"?

Who, again, but could fail to recognise and appreciate the exquisite loveliness of Rossetti's "Paolo e Francesca"? Its ethereal and spiritual



LADY ELIZABETH SPENCER AND HER SISTER, VISCONTRESS CLIFDEN, REPRESENTING MUSIC AND PAINTING.—GEORGE ROMNEY.

perfect condition possible. The Duke of Marlborough of the period presented this fine work to the Clifden family, in whose possession it has remained until the present. The appearance of the picture in the sale-room has excited the most widespread interest, something very like, in fact, the sensation which the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire of Gainsborough caused just twenty years ago.

The Goupil Gallery is, from a historical point of view, just now the most interesting of the minor galleries of London. It practically consists of a characteristic collection of the earliest phase of Pre-Raphaelitism which was gathered together by the late Mr. Leathart, although it is to be noted that there is here no example of Sir John Millais' fine contributions to that famous school. The show at the Goupil is all the more interesting, however, because the time has certainly now come when the claims of Pre-Raphaelitism can be calmly considered, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

What was it that Mr. Ruskin declared to be the ambition of the Brethren? What but "to paint nature as it is around them, with the

beauty is scarcely even surpassed by the grandeur of that other Rossetti of the National Gallery, "Beata Beatrix," the Beatrice of the closed eyes, the patient hands, the green drapery, the crimson dove. But where has been found such attitude, such light, such poetry in "the nature around us," even though its painting be assisted by the officiousness of "modern science"? It is sad to dismiss the uses of Mr. Ruskin's magnifying-glass so irresponsibly, but there is no help for it now.

The Berlin Photographic Company have at present an excellent exhibition of photogravures on view at 133, New Bond Street. The show is the embodiment of a distinctly good idea. In this case the photogravures are all reproductions of the pictures of the celebrated Gallery of St. Petersburg, known familiarly as the Hermitage. These are to be published in seven parts of twelve each, two of which are now ready for sale. As Sir W. M. Conway, in introducing the scheme to the public, observes, before very long every town will have its museum of like reproductions; moreover, as it is certain that a series of such publications should be of singular advantage all the world over, it is devoutly to be wished that the scheme may universally "catch on."





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THE THEFT OF THE PRINCESS'S SWAN-SKIN.—COLLIER SMITHERS.

From "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," by William Morris.

EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY.



## A "MAY" MEETING.

"Attend a May Meeting?" I gasped, as an impetuous friend hurried me into the train from which I had just alighted at Baker Street at 9.30 in the morning on my way to the City. "But it's June, and this is the Harrow express!"

Miss Peck laughed. She wore a fashionable hat and carried the inevitable string-bag bulging with sketching-materials and obvious parcels of food inextricably mixed together.

"I don't think I ever told you," she said demurely; "I'm a member of the Society of 'Friends'—in other words, a Quaker. Once a year,



THE MEETING-HOUSE.

when 'Friends' from all over England are in town for 'yearly meeting,' a meeting is held in the quaintest little meeting-house you ever saw, far away in the country among fields and trees. We are going there now."

Arrived at Chorley Wood Station, we started across the sunlit fields where the ox-eye daisies and pink vetch tempted us to linger, and through the beech-woods. The sun flickered on the tree-stems, big blue dragon-flies hovered languidly over the remnant of a pond, and a wild rose peeped out of a shady corner. To the outward eye everything, even the birds and bees, appeared asleep in the intense heat; yet the air throbbed with life, the silence could be felt. Through the village of Chalfont St. Giles and past Milton's Cottage, where the roses hung in tempting clusters from the walls and roof, we walked, and about two miles beyond came suddenly on what appeared to be the roof of a cottage in a hollow below us.

"This is Jordan's," said Miss Peck. "I don't know why it is so called; probably after some former landlord in the neighbourhood."

In a hollow among the trees, with no houses near, stands the little meeting-house, with its red-tiled roof and white-painted windows and shutters. The neatly kept graveyard contains some two dozen green mounds, very few of them with headstones, which are a comparatively modern innovation of which even now some of the stricter "Friends" do not approve. William Penn and his two wives lie side by side, and at some distance a modest stone marks the resting-place of Thomas Elwood, once Milton's private secretary. The meeting-house was built in 1688, when Dissenters were subject to the bitterest persecutions, when their meetings were treated as "unlawful assemblies," and when it was



THE GRAVES OF PENN AND HIS TWO WIVES.

a common occurrence for such a meeting to be broken up by soldiers, and the members of it haled off to prison. The caretaker's cottage and the meeting-house are built in one, and, in order to give increased room, a shutter can be slid back, thus including the top storey of the cottage (consisting of one large bedroom) in the meeting-house, of which it forms a "gallery."

When we arrived on Thursday there was an air of life and bustle which contrasted oddly with the surrounding silence. At least twenty bicycles, male and female, leant against the trees in various attitudes. A strange collection of "traps" of all sorts and sizes, from the cushioned barouche hung on C-springs to the two-wheeled "shay" of some neighbouring farmer, stood near. A series of arches, built in under the house where the ground slopes away, served as stables; and here stood the sleek, fat carriage-horses of a Quaker millionaire eating their oats beside the rough, unkempt cart-horse whose profession in life was probably ploughing. A solemn footman with a cockade in his hat was unpacking a hamper which would have done credit to a Derby drag, and a policeman wandered about, evidently feeling *de trop*. Service was going on as we entered, and the little meeting-house seemed filled with a fashionable throng. In the "gallery" several people had found seats on the edge of the bed, and there was very little room to spare. The scent of flowers and the song of birds came in through the open doors and windows and filled up the gaps of silence which occurred after each speaker resumed his seat.

When the service was over, about one o'clock, we all strolled round the graveyard or among the trees at the back. "John Thomas," with the assistance of the policeman and some of the men, began clearing out the forms from the meeting-house and setting up in their place a long trestle-table with a white cloth on it. Here a substantial repast was discussed with much apparent relish, though we could not help thinking it would have been pleasanter to have it in the open air under



AUSTERFIELD CHURCH.

the trees. Some people evidently agreed with us, and the graveyard was soon dotted over with a series of small picnic-parties. A good deal of the old simplicity of dress has departed. To be sure, there were some of those exquisite grey and dove colours associated with Quakerdom; but the colour was an accident, the "cut" was modern.

I lay and lazily watched the shadows creep up over Elwood's grave and touch the headstone. How did those people of long ago live and love? Did soft-eyed maidens in dove-coloured gowns, white kerchiefs, and severely untrimmed bonnets saunter through those woods exchanging "sweet nothings," in their tender old language of "thee" and "thou," with Thomas or William or John in collarless coat and broad-brimmed hat? Did Penn tell the "old, old story" under these very trees to Gulielma Pennington as they rested before returning across the fields to her father's house? Did Milton—?

"Lend me your pump," said Angelina's silvery tones on the other side of the hedge. "I'm afraid my tyre is punctured."

What did it matter that she wore a hideous "boat-shaped" hat and a man's tie? Edwin looked into her eyes and was satisfied. A general move was made towards departure. As I watched the last bicyclist, with his ridiculous checked legs, glide out of sight down the lane, I sighed.

"It's all so modern!" I said.

"Of course, it's modern," replied Miss Peck, folding up her map. "If we want to catch the 6.20, we ought to start at once."

While on this subject of Puritanism, I must mention that a proposal is on foot to restore the ancient church of Austerfield, in the West Riding, the cradle of the Pilgrim Fathers. The church is of Norman origin, and the little hamlet was the scene of a battle between the Britons and the Romans. William Bradford, who was one of the leaders of the exiles to New England, was born at Austerfield, and the church contains the register of his birth. The restoration and preservation of this church is well worthy public support. The photograph of the church is by Whaley, Worksop.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Our good neighbours the French are never so happy as when they can serve us some more or less malicious trick which is of no earthly good to themselves, and they have certainly contrived an annoying little set-off to the creditable and complete victory gained by the Egyptian Army over the Dervishes. Even as the genial Slatin was identifying, with mingled triumph and regret, the bodies of a goodly number of his old oppressors, certain less-known individuals constituting a Mixed Court—and well so named—were preparing a stealthy blow to hamstring the sinews of war and bring the Pasha and his superiors to a halt. It appears, by the united wisdom of two Egyptians, a Dutchman, a Portuguese, and last, but probably most, a Frenchman, that the Egyptian Government had no right to touch its surplus for the reconquest of Dongola. It might pay for increasing its army; but when the army was increased, it must not be used. So says the mixed

hearing for their offers to oust the oppressive English, who have organised an expedition that bids fair to restore the dominion and prestige of Egypt in Africa. And if we were under a Czar like Russia—or France—this is what we should do. But, when money is concerned, there is Parliament, and Parliament is harder to drive than many pigs. Also the elector knows nothing of high policy and diplomacy, and is keenly alive to the outgoings of the nation. Already the deft appeal to pockets that are or may be threatened for voluntary schools and relief of agriculture has turned the scale in two wavering constituencies. "Fellow-citizens of Little Pedlington!" shrieks the advocate of Peace and Retrenchment, or Scuttle and Skimp, "one million sterling has been spent on killing the virtuous blacks of the Soudan—a people rightly struggling to be free to murder and kidnap and rob. One million has been blown into the air in cordite and bullets and shells, and what are you better for it? Has one Little Pedlington loafer been richer by the price of a single half-pint? Has one Little Pedlington old woman had one single lump more sugar in her tea? Not one! And who pays for this?



CRESTED-HAWK EAGLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

assortment of one Frenchman, one Dutchman, and one Portugee. One is tempted to complete a rhyme once familiar, and suggest that "One jolly Englishman"—but no! What *would* the *Daily Krügerle* say?

But the distinguished Pentarchy of the Mixed Tribunal is not content to cut off the funds and censure the representatives of two-thirds of the Great Powers for having allowed the appropriation. Worse is to follow. The money already taken from the surplus funds of the Caisse is to be repaid, with 5 per cent. interest—faicy that!—and the French and Russian Commissioners of the Egyptian Debt are jointly or severally to proceed to recover, by such methods as may severally or jointly be at their disposal. It is here that the difficulty seems to arise. It may be inquired how these two estimable persons are going to recover? Will they serve the Khedive with a writ, or seize Lord Cromer's baggage on the railway?

The difficulty is an awkward one on both sides, despite the air of *opéra-bouffe* that hangs round it. On the one hand, if England were to lend the Khedive the money to reconquer the Soudan, and control the recovered districts as security, the French Government might be sorry it spoke. The French "protectors" of Abbas, who have just done their best to cripple and humiliate him as a ruler, would hardly find much

My friends, it is *you* who pay this million. What have you got for it? What are you getting? What will you ever get for it?"

To which fervid and obviously true remarks, what is the distressed Imperialist to reply? If he talks of the continuity of foreign policy, he speaks a language alien to Little Pedlington. If he insinuates that the final purpose of international history is not half-pints and lumps of sugar for Little Pedlington, he merely makes himself unpopular; for Little Pedlington is firmly, though inarticulately, convinced that its tea-cup and its mug form the only true test of national progress. It is in this sentiment and this conviction that the strength of Little England lies; and the Party is by no means so extinct as has been thought of late. For glory other than that of the music-hall sort, which is but for a turn, costs exceeding dear in money, and often in men. It may be worth the cost or not; but those who are readiest to rush into the struggle are among the most eager to back out. They want to do Waterloo on the cheap, and it is not to be done. Waterloo means the Peninsular War, and uncounted subsidies for futile coalitions, and a debt of hundreds of millions piled up while England was becoming tempered to an efficient weapon. And even then we only won by chance, and owing to somebody's treason. The French have never been beaten except by treason. That is why it is obvious that the English are always treacherous.

MARMITON,





PLAYMATES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARDS AND CO., BALLARAT.



## THE JOURNALISM OF "DECADENCE."

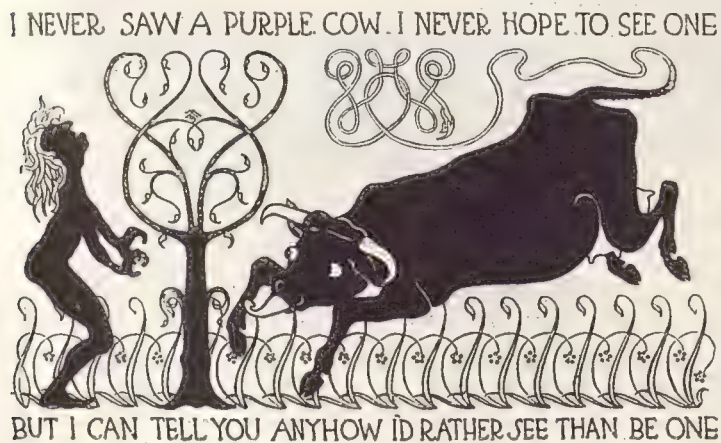
Long, long ago, for thus it seems, Bret Harte, picturing the primitive life of the Wild West, lapsed into a philosophical mood, rare in a writer so robust, and put the immortal query, "Is civilisation a failure?" The pessimists have often asked the question since then; but it has been left



THE LAND OF "DECADENCE."  
*From the "Lark,"*

to the ponderous Teuton, Herr Doctor Max Nordau, to demonstrate, with his delicate taste and humour, that the world has entered a period of degeneration and decay, that the civilisation has become a failure and settled down into senility. But the most striking, certainly the most picturesque, insistence on the spread of decadence is shown, appropriately and yet strangely enough, in the very capital of the Bret Harte country. Mr. William Doxey, a publisher in San Francisco, has dressed out one of the windows of his shop with the leading documents of decadence, to the number of seventy. He has brought home to the man in the street, as nobody else has done, the existence of decay, or what passes for decay. For it is somewhat difficult to understand what Mr. Doxey defines as heterodoxy. He has ranged in that weird window of his all sorts and conditions of modern writers. He has recruited his "cohort of the damned," as Kipling has it, from nearly every country in Europe. France sent him De Maupassant, Mallarmé, and Verlaine. Belgium gave him Maeterlinck. Ibsen finds himself in the company of Sonia Kovialesky. Canada has been scoured to produce Mr. Bliss Carman. But England, the mother of morality, is the saddest sinner, for she has produced Lord de Tabley, George Egerton, John Oliver Hobbes, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Edward Garnett. Mr. R. S. Hichens, AND, as the theatre programmes have it, Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. And then there are the hardy annuals of "decadence," including the *Yellow Book*, the *Evergreen*, and even a page from *The Sketch* itself; while America supplies a host of defiantly named journals—the *Lotus*, the *Decadent*, the *Philistine*, and *Moods*, for instance. Mr. Doxey's own journal, the *Lark*, carols a doxology of orthodoxy; and, of course, the image of Max Nordau, self-constituted as the public prosecutor of the decadents, glares forth. Sober-minded people, indeed, might be inclined to call Mr. Doxey's show "A Window in Slums."

A motley crowd this that Mr. Doxey has marshalled in the name of decadence; and motley it must remain, for you may detect decadence in everything if you are so minded. The fact is, decadence, taking the



*From the "Lark,"*

place of the cant *fin-de-siècle* of yesteryear, is rapidly coming to be synonymous with "last-decade." What actually constitutes the philosophy called decadence must remain a moot point. There will be no agreeing about it, for what is heterodoxy to-day becomes orthodoxy to-morrow. By far the most interesting aspect of the question is the

number of journals that have sprung up that may be labelled with the epithet. They began with the *Yellow Book*, which sprang into life on April 12, 1894.

The theory of the *Yellow Book* is essentially a compromise between the ordinary magazine, which is written for the million, to be forgotten at the end of the month, and publication in regular book form. That is its primary object. Though its literature has been the work of a distinct school, there is nothing inherent in the conditions of its production to limit that school to one particular cult. This has clearly been proved by the appearance of its Scots rival, the *Evergreen*, which gives expression to the ideas of the remarkable school that has sprung up round Patrick Geddes of Edinburgh. Another feature of the *Yellow Book* has been its art, which is utilised entirely independent of the text. That Aubrey Beardsley figured conspicuously in the first number of the *Yellow Book* again no proof that the Vigo Street quarterly is confined to his weird work. Indeed, he has founded a quarterly for himself in the shape of the *Savoy*, the "pink'un" (literally) of the quarterlies. A third feature of the *Yellow Book* has been its typography and its innovations in several aspects of the printer's art. It was, in fact, the pioneer among periodicals of the remarkable improvement in *forma* which is rapidly sweeping over the entire book-world. The day of the badly produced book has gone. We have come to a time when the printer and the paper-maker are suiting their respective products to the character of the book to be printed. The pioneer of improved printing has undoubtedly been Mr. William Morris. Like all pioneers, he has been an extremist, and, if his doctrines about Gothic type are never likely to be popular, he has set the brains of the inventors of typographic eccentricities busily to work. One dwells upon this point because nearly all the American imitations of the *Yellow Book*, which has been as infectious as yellow fever, are exponents of nothing more or less than the decadence of typography and *forma* in general, though there has been nothing more curious in this way than our own *Hobby-Horse*. The Americans have run this so-called decadence for all that it is worth, and it is impossible to keep pace with the magazines which spring up like mushrooms. But

none of these are so imposing in size or price as the English series—the *Yellow Book*, the *Evergreen*, the *Savoy*, or the *Pageant*. Nearly all of them are rather on the level of Mr. J. T. Grein's paper *To-Morrow* (published by Messrs. Henry, but printed in Holland), which is so very, very different, as indeed it ought to be, from *To-Day*.

The first American imitation of the *Yellow Book* was the *Chap-Book*, published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball of Chicago, which appeared just a month later than the Bodley Head quarterly. The title itself, reminiscent of the days of the doggerel ballad, exhibits one of the commonest tricks of this new art of periodicals, where a striking label is half the battle. The *Chap-Book* is certainly not decadent in the sense of being unfit for the young person. As a matter of fact, young persons—some of them of English origin, too—are among its chief contributors. Its literary contents are quite the best among all the American periodicals of this class, and its typographic indebtedness to the *Yellow Book* and the character of its illustrations are perfectly obvious.





"To date and sixty minutes beyond" is its motto, and its price "five pennies." In Boston the *Fly-Leaf* fluttered for a time. It described itself as "a pamphlet periodical of the modern," presenting "all the new blood, all the new and younger writers of American literature to-day." It was conducted by Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, whose "Meditations in Motley: A Bundle of Papers embued with the Sobriety of Midnight,"

member shall consist in living up to his highest ideal (as near as possible) and in attending the annual dinner (if convenient)."

Of the same size, but of a totally different character, is the *Bibelot*, which hails from Portland, Maine. As "a reprint of poetry and prose for book-lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions, and sources not generally known," it might more appropriately be called the *Pirate*.



marks him off distinctly from that other Harte who gave the world "The Luck of Roaring Camp." But the *Fly-Leaf* came to an end in April, when it was incorporated with the *Philistine*, which hails from East Aurora, N.Y. "Printed every little while for the Society of Philistines"—which is "an association of book-lovers and folks who write, organised to further good-fellowship among men and women who believe in allowing the widest liberty to individuality in thought and expression"—the *Philistine* is a ten-cent monthly of duodecimo shape. One of the articles of association is that "the duties of each

It is a very striking example of the newer experiments in typography, and supplies some of the choicest specimens of modern (copyright) literature at five cents a-month. Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, its publisher, has issued (without permission) a charming limited edition of Mr. Lang's "Aucassin and Nicolette," and also FitzGerald's "Omar." If the *Bibelot*, however, is anything, it is decadent only in typography, and that decadence is very charming. The ethics of printing English authors in this way is, of course, another question. Living poets get their fling in *Poet-Lore*, published in Boston.



Then there are the exponents of decadence in art, taking the form of poster art. The trail of Beardsley and Bradley is over it all—

Oh, the sky it must be green and the tree it must be blue,  
And the lake must be a claret-coloured bubble;  
And a foreground must be found  
That can be a far background—  
But a fashionable poster's worth the trouble.

Some people, indeed, take a good deal of trouble with it. The poster, in fact, is struggling with the postage-stamp for a place in the collecting mania. Paris has already given us *Le Maître de l'Affiches*, while Kansas City is responsible for *Poster Lore*—"a journal of enthusiasm devoted to the appreciation of modern posters," printed "in a pleasant wise at the Sign of the Red-pale." There are other periodicals which, while not exclusively devoted to this subject, devote a good deal of space to it. Prominent among these is the *Echo* of New York. It is made up of reproductions from the illustrated journals of the world, especially those of Paris. *Le Rire*, *Le Chat Noir*, *Le Flirt*, *La Caricature*, and *Gil Blas* are freely plundered, while *The Sketch* has been ransacked.

Special cults, again, publish their own organs, just as they do on this side. Whitmania, for instance, is rampant in the pages of the *Conservator*, a Philadelphia monthly which would rouse the wrath of Mr. Swinburne. The *New Bohemian* is an "apostle of unconventionality in art and letters," which hails from Cincinnati, while San Antonio, in Texas, is responsible for the *Fad*, which is printed on green paper.

Far and away the most amusing, the most curious, of the whole series is Mr. Doxey's *Lark*, which came into existence in May last year. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of "decadence." Mr. Doxey, it may



A WARM DAY.  
From "Jugend."

be noticed, was trained on the *Derbyshire Advertiser*. Readers of *The Sketch* may remember Emily Soldene's description of the R. L. Stevenson window in his shop in Market Street, San Francisco. As an admirer of Stevenson, he is, of course, no disciple of decadence, though it is difficult to understand what he would include under that term. The *Lark* is a good-humoured burlesque of the whole movement. It is a sixteen-page, five-cent monthly, printed on the sort of paper used by grocers for bags, and is edited by Mr. Gelett Burgess. It ridicules the eccentricities of typography by printing prose as if it were verse—that is to say, the right-hand of the page is all irregular; and it is sometimes printed only on one side of the paper. Its illustrations are exactly like the primitive wood-cuts of three hundred years ago, and it cultivates the gentle art of nonsense-verse to perfection, as you will see from the accompanying reproduction of the purple cow from its pages. Its note is a return to Nature—"Hark! Hark! The Lark at Heaven's gate sings"; it wages a good-humoured, guerilla warfare on all sorts of literary fads. Some enterprising London publisher should import the *Lark*.

The most ambitious effort in journalistic "decadence," however, has been made in Germany, which has been responsible for Nordau's impeachment of the movement. It is a Munich weekly called *Jugend*, and one calls it the most ambitious because it is an elaborate specimen of colour-printing, unequalled except in *Puck* and *Judge* of New York.

The movement of which these periodicals are examples is, of course, only a fashion, which has become semi-popular because it is supposed to be naughty. As a matter of fact, however, it is mainly only curious and out-of-the-way. When it becomes familiar it will cease to astonish; but, for the nonce, it occupies an idle hour. J. M. B.

#### NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In "Across an Ulster Bog" (Heinemann), we are taken to an Ireland the story-tellers let alone for the most part, an Ireland of Orange lodges and bitterest partisanship, of ascetic Protestant principles grafted on natures that crave for freedom, of wild passions and sordidness; and, for relief, only little, narrow rills of fresh beauty and of humour. It is described by a powerful, relentless, maybe a needlessly severe writer, but written by a hand that has learnt its craft, that makes no feeble scrawls or blunders in the drawing. The end is unexpected and hardly inevitable; and though it is a relief to think a vulgar clerical cad who has ruined a girl's life and skulked meanly, and who would otherwise still have power to ruin others, is safely out of the way, yet, when the black bog-water closes over his head, one feels a pang, whether of pity or of disappointed vengeance it is not easy to say. Among all the girls that novel-writers have described as having loved not wisely, and suffered shame therefore, there may be some more appealing figures than that of Ellen Lindsay, but hardly one more real. Her simplicity, her secret pride at the attentions of one so elevated as the scoundrel Duffin, her terror, her trust, her patience, her easy contentment with the moral code that regulates the countryside, her honourable shielding of her skulking lover, and her maternal jealousy lest the unworthy father should look on the face of the pining, miserable infant, are described in the most convincing fashion. Old Mary Ann with her dogs, and the McFadden households; the cheerful, kindly dressmaker, and her invalid brother, might have come from Miss Barlow's kindly fancy. But otherwise it is a blacker, a more sordid chapter of Irish life than any Miss Barlow has ever conceived, or, at least, has ever permitted herself to depict.

Dr. Garnett's new translation of one hundred and twenty-four sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens is another proof of his scholarship and his fine poetic taste. He has chosen some of the very finest of the poems written in honour of the three immortal ladies, Beatrice, Laura, and Caternia, and there is not one spoilt. You may have a feeling that this or that sonnet of Petrarch's is untranslatable, but a delicate approach to the meaning Dr. Garnett always manages to give. Perhaps his most successful rendering is that of the twenty-second sonnet, "In Vita di Madonna Laura," the description of the poet seeking solitude in the wilderness, but never escaping from Love—

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi—

Pensive and lone where earth lies loneliest,  
I pace with faint and tardy step, my eye  
Casting around my path, alert to fly  
If other foot the wilderness have prest.

So that I now believe that mount and plain  
And wood and stream have knowledge how is wrought  
This solitary life to men so dim:  
Yet way so wild or rough I cannot gain  
That Love is not into my presence brought,  
Holding discourse with me, and I with him.

One would gladly spare some of even the talented minor verse of the day for an occasional volume of this kind, showing pious and worthy homage to the exquisite poetry of the past.

In "Rainy Days in a Library" (Stock), Sir Herbert Maxwell is doing the work that becomes him best. The literary amateur who is also the cultivated man of leisure can be most useful in flicking the dust from old shelves, poking and peering for lost volumes, searching after curious things for the entertainment of his busier neighbours. But the country gentleman, when he poses as philosophical surveyor of the world at large, is apt to provide rather heavy entertainment, and from the Scottish baronet's solemn trivialities on moral, social, and literary matters in his essays one escapes with a yawn and an acknowledgment of his "nice tastes." But here he is not dependent on his own wisdom. His "nice tastes," his curiosity, and his leisure are just what are wanted for a forager in old libraries, and when he makes quotations freely he shines. There are really agreeable little papers on "The Oldest Sporting Journal," "Baldassare's Perfect Courtier," on that good dramatic joke "Firmilian," and on Captain Topham's Letters. Of course, the squire and the haughty amateur crop up here and there. The old volumes must, he says, be read in a country house. "The eye must be free to leave the printed page and travel over the blackbird-haunted lawn to the wet woodland beyond. There must be no clatter of cabs or risk of importunate door-bell." So the unfortunate man who is doomed to do his curious reading and spend his rainy days in Bloomsbury must not think the fine flavour of the pursuit can ever be tasted by him. But there is a still more amusing instance of the haughty spirit of the unprofessional man of letters. He is speaking of the discussions which Italian ladies and gentlemen at Guid' Waldo's Court at Urbino took part in when the Renaissance was in full swing; and of one of the subjects of dispute he says, "The extent to which a gentleman may be an amateur in painting, or sculpture, or music is a question to which, after three hundred years, no satisfactory answer has been found." He craftily omits a mention of literature. Is it from a sense of peril? Sir Herbert's books are so fast increasing in number that I fear he may be dangerously nearing the limit beyond which no gentleman of distinction must go. The point of view is amusing. The Grub Street stain is not quite washed out, it appears, though duchesses and emperors are clamorous applicants for recognition in the arts. O. O.



# THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

SHE : I worked hard at French before going to the Continent.

HE : And they understood your French ?

SHE : Oh, no ! but I managed to get along with their English beautifully.





A POET'S AUDIENCE.



SHE : Oh, Jack ! Do you know, Mr. Gibson punctuated his tyre yesterday ?

HE : You mean punctured, my dear.

SHE : Well, anyway, he came to a full stop.





DOLLY: You have won your match this time, Jack.

JACK: Have I? Then, Dolly, let's continue the match for life.



## BEHIND THE SCENES.

## VI.—AT THE OPERA.

Until a visit has been paid to the stage of Covent Garden during the "Italian Opera" Season, it is impossible to adequately estimate the work called for by the presentation of different operas on successive evenings. For a single heavy production the work is enormous; but to manage so



"LOHENGRIN."

many, to change in a few hours from one to another, to keep everything on the premises and never make a mistake—all these things require an amount of labour that makes a lazy man quake with fear. I went to Covent Garden during a performance of "Lohengrin" in which Jean de Reszke took the title-rôle, his brother that of Henry the Fowler, while David Bispham was Telramund, and Mesdames Albani and Meisslinger sang the music of Elsa and Ortrud to a house crammed from floor to ceiling. After seeing the first act from the auditorium, I went on the stage, where our artist was already hard at work. The setting of various operas was piled up at the back, piece upon piece, while above our heads were countless rolls of back and front cloths. The arrangement seemed a masterpiece of stage-management, and I studied it carefully before starting on a tour of inspection.

The first sensation came in the form of a shock. In the opening act, when Lohengrin arrived from Mount Salvat in what would have passed for a motor-carriage with a swan in front, I felt the curious shiver that one of our greatest actors once told me was the sign of an artistic effect. Now in an obscure corner I chanced upon the chariot with the wild-fowl attached. The swan stared at me with lack-lustre eyes, but took no notice of my bow. "Lohengrin is not starting home again for a couple of hours," I said; "may I interview you?" He took no notice. "They might give you some refreshment while you're waiting; shall I speak to Sir Augustus Harris about it for you?" I continued. Still there was no reply. Seeing he was too proud to speak, I examined the carriage, which was more decorative than comfortable, tried to stroke the swan into good-humour, and called him Godfrey of Brabant, but in vain. I did not persist, recollecting that he had a transformation to undergo, and was perhaps fatigued by his long journey.

In a room on the prompt side of the stage, David Bispham—surely one of the most artistic and conscientious exponents of modern opera—was taking a final rehearsal by himself. The blue light was beginning to flood the stage. Ortrud was settling down upon the steps opposite the Kemenate. For the moment the place was almost deserted—no supers to be seen, very few stage hands, while the stage itself was almost bare. In absolute silence the work was completed, then the music woke in the front, and the curtain rose. The effect was entirely different from general stage practice, where an act usually opens with a crowded stage.

While Ortrud and Telramund bewailed their fate and planned vengeance outside the Palace, I went round to the O.P. side, where a flight of broad wooden steps stood behind the balcony wherefrom Elsa was to greet her former friends. All round stood a very mixed assembly. There was a gorgeous footman, with a red coat, black continuations, powdered hair, dignified expression, and calves to match; there were several little pages in blond wigs and tights, some shifters, a dresser or two, and three or four attractive ladies, apparently disguised as vestal virgins waiting to attend upon Elsa. At the foot of the staircase an attendant stood, with a cloak in her hand, waiting for the arrival of the prima-donna, who came at last, clad in white and sparkling with diamonds. One and all made way, her dresser followed up the stairs with the cloak, the pages were silent, the vestal virgins aforesaid lighted their tapers, and from the opposite side of the stage the limelight men could be seen turning their masked lamps in the direction of the casement of the Kemenate from which the great singer was to charm the house into enthusiasm. Every proceeding on the part of the principals was absolutely dignified; the impression conveyed by these great artists was the same on the stage and in the auditorium. Only the pages in the blond wigs were flippant. I advise those pages to turn over a new leaf.

The one fault in the proceedings, from a critical point of view, was in the way the principals detached themselves from the performance and sang certain passages to the gallery, just as the talented family of Mr. Vincent Crummles once acted at the London manager, but with better results.

The blue lights paled and the daylight dawned. The servants brought their pails to the well, and retired to the Palace. The trumpeters came and did their business nobly; then down to the front of the minster came the nobles of Brabant, just the kind of things that come up after the rain, when the man who does not know his business sallies forth without a gun. They were a very funny crowd, and they ranged all along the front, singing lustily for the first few minutes. Then their exertions became less.

A strange thing happened. Down to the O.P. side rushed a small gentleman in modern costume, with his silk hat perched at the back of his head. He screamed something in Italian, at which the crowd set to work again in manner wonderful to behold. Courtiers and nobles, men with swords and spears, were all afraid of the angry little gentleman with nothing in his hand but a glove. They simply sang with might and main, until their notes blew away the cloud from the little gentleman's forehead, and he raced round to the prompt side, where some noblemen were not doing their duty as loudly as he liked. Finally



THE CHORUS TAKING UP POSITION FOR "LOHENGRIN."

he stood upon a stool in the wings and surveyed the entire Court. Judging from the fact that such renowned warriors permitted themselves to be bullied in such a definite way, I imagine that the little angry gentleman was the chorus-master.

Wagner's text is not so obscure as that of Shakspeare, consequently a new edition of "Lohengrin" must attract the notice of critics and public alike. Modestly, as is my wont, I have the pleasure of presenting to the



world at large a version of the third act not published before. I was in the wings listening to the chorus of the attendants on Mr. and Mrs. Lohengrin, and as they left their master and mistress alone, two sporting shifters came into my neighbourhood. I do not think they esteemed Wagner as highly as people in front of the house, though this may be my fancy. However, they supplied a version that is, I believe, absolutely original and was most effective.

The passage as I heard it ran very nearly as follows. In place of the German of Jean de Reszke and Madame Albani, I give the English translation of the late John Oxenford, and I likewise modify certain rather too-pointed remarks by the shifters.

ELSA. Love is this merely? Words can language give me  
That all its hidden sweetness will reveal;  
Thy name I'd gladly join with it, believe me,  
But that from me thou ever wilt conceal.

FIRST SPORTING SHIFTER. I never 'as no luck, I don't. Wotever bloomin' 'orse I touches goes dahn. I 'ad a bob on—

LOHENGRIN. Elsa.

SECOND SPORTING SHIFTER. Well, I 'ad the strite tip abaht Banshee for the 'Urst Park Plite, and Streetsinger—

ELSA. How sweetly sounds my name by thee when spoken!  
Yet may I never hear the sound of thine!  
Surely some day the fetters will be broken,  
Thy name I then shall whisper, thou art mine.



THE SECOND ACT OF "LOHENGRIN," FROM THE WINGS.

FIRST SHIFTER. It ain't no good. Wot wi' the jockeys' ring an' the owners' ring, an' the rest of it, I 've weighed in nearly 'arf-a-suffrin' in the last fortnight. It's enuff to break a man's 'art. I shall 'ave to pawn—

LOHENGRIN. My dearest wife!

SECOND SHIFTER. Some men never can find 'em. You know Joe; well, there's a lucky—. He 'ad 'arf-a-crahn each wye on Bouncin' Boy. Blimey, 'e won nigh upon two quid. Wot did he do with it—?

ELSA. Only when none are near,  
None must the soft confession hear.

FIRST SHIFTER. Well, I 'as none o' that sort o' luck. When I wunst backed Chyldwik at twenty to one, two bob I 'ad on 'im to win an' one for a plice, an' the 'booky does a guy wi' my money. I shall 'ave to give up 'orses, or they 'll give up me.

LOHENGRIN. Dost thou not breathe as I, that wealth of sweetness,  
Where the rapt senses, drunk with pleasure, bask?  
'Tis brought by gales mysterious in their fleetness;  
'Tasting the fragrance, farther nought I ask.

SECOND SHIFTER. Blimey, my throat's like a bit o' leather! I don't think much o' this 'eer oprer, an' there's a full 'ouse.

And so it continued until there was a concerted passage that I cannot reproduce, after which their respective duties claimed the sporting shifters, and Lohengrin was permitted to continue his remonstrances undisturbed. The effect, if not quite Wagnerian, was at least novel, and in all probability had never been rehearsed. I have been unable to include some of the last passages—they were so very lurid; but then,

translated into German or Italian, they would have been no worse than certain passages from the "Nibelungen-Ring" series.

Throughout their exits and entrances the principals had to pass through the people, to whom Wagner is about as intelligible as conic sections. How they could remain unaffected by the contact I cannot imagine. I noticed this particularly when Frederick of Telramund staggered off the stage at the end of the second act. In course of a really masterful piece of acting, he had to pause by the side of a typical chorus-lady. His face, which seemed racked by conflicting emotions, made the good lady smile largely. Nor did she strive to conceal the smile. Evidently her work was entirely mechanical, and she made no attempt to enter into the spirit of the opera. Not until the curtain fell did the principals stay their exertions; and then there were no fewer than three recalls, the last coming somewhat to the confusion of one of the De Reszkes, who was already proceeding to the wings, and of Madame Albani, who had gathered her long train preparatory to leaving the stage. I was pleased to see Messrs. Lohengrin and Telramund embrace cordially when the curtain fell finally. The Count must have known that the Knight of the Grail would kill him in the next act, but would not bear malice on that account. Which I thought charming in Frederick Count of Telramund.

Pausing a moment for a critical paragraph, I recall that on the night of my visit the De Reszkes sang the opera in German for the first time in London. Miss Meisslinger was the only native German in the cast, but one and all have had the necessary experience. The experiment must be written down a success, although the Italian of the chorus had a funny effect by the side of the German of the principals. On the stage, everybody who knew anything about the matter commented on the admirable way in which the Polish brothers proved that in German, as in French and Italian, they are masters of whatever they undertake. It made me think that German artists are not necessarily the best exponents of Wagnerian art.

Finding myself squeezed into the corner of the wings by the late and unexpected arrival of a half-flat, I opened a tempting little wicket and caught a bird's-eye view of the auditorium. For sheer blaze and brightness it gave the stage a beating. All along the stalls, right round the boxes and dress-circle, came a glitter of countless jewels, and the full aspect of the house could only be clearly seen from stageland. Men and women looked at their best, and there were no gaps in the audience. In the height of the season the very smartest section of London Society can make any theatre look delightful, and in a place like Covent Garden the effect must be seen to be believed. I don't suppose that half the people regarded the entertainment as anything more important than a social function, but they subscribe their money and are entitled to do as they please. Probably, the majority of the musical enthusiasts were up in the gallery and the amphitheatre, where I was very pleased to go in days of old before I sat in the stalls of the scornful and posed as a critic. Undoubtedly, the best effects are to be had from the dress-circle and upper parts of the house. The grouping, colouring, and general stage-management were, of

course, lost upon me, and could scarcely have been fully appreciated in the first few rows of stalls. The last *entr'acte* brought Sir Augustus to the stage, round which he smiled with an expression indicative of great contentment. I caught sight of the unfortunate first shifter drowning his sorrows in work.

Of the final act, of the way in which the sulky swan took the Knight of the Grail to the realms of the back-cloths, of the sorrow of Elsa of Brabant and her sudden recovery when the curtain fell, of the critical comments by the dignified footman, and of the blaze of enthusiasm attendant on the finale, I have no space to write. Suffice it to say that when my work was ended I joined the congested ranks of tired Italian Germans and passed palaces, forests, landscapes; and interiors in safety. Then I went through a doorway and down stone steps innumerable, and past several corners wherein draughts from all corners of the earth had congregated. Thus was the stage-door reached. Past the stage-door, along numerous streets, even down into the Strand and up into Leicester Square, were the long lines of carriages waiting to receive the patrons of the opera. Seeing all these signs of prosperity, with the sound of the music ringing in my ears, and the recollection of the house before my eyes, I turned for a brief moment in the direction of Covent Garden and exclaimed solemnly, "Magnus est Augustus Druriolanus et prævalebant!" Then I went in search of supper. S. L. B.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 9.17; to-morrow, 9.17; Friday, 9.18; Saturday, 9.18; Sunday, 9.18; Monday, 9.19; Tuesday, 9.19.

I am told that a unicycle that can really be ridden has at last been invented, and that probably a few years hence it will completely have ousted the bicycle. I am told that young ladies accustomed to bicycle-riding are surprised and delighted at finding that now they can waltz more easily and "keep it up" much longer than formerly. I am told that young men averse to dancing dislike "those cycling girls." I am told that the police have orders not to let bicyclists stop to mount at the corners of streets. I am told that the tired, but tireless steed is shortly to be better treated by one of the leading railway companies. I am told by the *Daily Mail* that Cleopatra of old rode a "bike." According to Shakspeare, Antony advised her to mount it when he said, "Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety."

"Bicycle hand" is the latest unfashionable inflection. It comes; we are told, from clutching the handle of the machine in such a manner that the fingers are twined round it with a death-like grip. Under this steady pressure the hand becomes flattened and bulges out at the sides. Then it grows lumpy and out of shape, and the fingers all become crooked. The disease shows itself first by "a bulging out of the muscle on the side of the hand." This grows more and more prominent, and gets tougher and tougher, until it is as hard as a piece of wood. After that the muscles of the fingers grow larger and larger and tougher and tougher until they, too, are all out of shape. In order to avoid "bicycle hand," the rider should sit up erect in a perfectly natural position, with the shoulders thrown back in such a way as to give the lungs full play. This position will keep the weight of the body resting upon the seat instead of upon the handle-bar. Another up-to-date affliction is "countryroaditis," "a painful sensation in the nasal and respiratory organs," said to arise from riding too much on dusty country roads. My readers may be glad to hear that, though cycles have been several years in vogue, these maladies have only just been discovered. Furthermore, the report of this disease comes from America, and no authentic cases have yet been heard of in England.

An ungallant correspondent, indignant at what he calls "Woman's Wicked Whims," sends me some verses from which I extract the following

## THE CYCLIST WAIST.

Fair cyclists who  
Your figures screw  
Into half their true proportions,  
If you only heard  
The terms conferred  
On your silly, vain contortions,  
You would not be in such painful haste  
To make a display of your cyclist waist.

Each day in the Park  
The people remark  
Your girdle of eighteen inches;  
They praise your dress,  
But they never guess  
How that exquisite garment pinches,  
How your body is tortured and tightly-laced,  
And the price you pay for your cyclist waist.

Your maid could say  
What there's to pay  
For a figure so slight and slender;  
And doctors' bills  
Might tell of ills  
Which the follies of fashion engender.  
There's a subtle poison in paint and paste,  
And a chill hand releases your cyclist waist.

A suggestion has been thrown out that the names of cyclists be registered in each county. At present, if any accident happens, if any mischief is done, or if a cycle is stolen, there are no means of identification. If a register were kept, each machine could easily be identified. I would suggest that the registration be carried out by each county. Place first the initial letter of the county; thus, A might stand for Anglesey, B for Berkshire, and, if the names of two or more counties began with the same letter the two letters immediately following the initial could be added. Thus, Cam would stand for Cambridgeshire, Cum for Cumberland, and so forth. Then would come the number of the bicycle, and the name and address of the owner would also be entered in the register. With the extraordinary multiplication of "wheels," it is evident that something will have to be done ere long.

Having just made a most charming tour in North Wales on our cycles, I feel that a few words about it may interest my readers and make them wish to follow in our tracks. Starting from Bangor on an exquisitely lovely afternoon, the roads in the most perfect order, we rode through Bethesda, passing Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries on our way to Ogwen. We took a long time traversing the Nantffrancon Pass, as the road about there is very rough, and, therefore, we often had to walk; but the scenery is so grand, so wonderfully wild and picturesque, that we were rather glad of the excuse to dismount. Looking up, we saw the dark rocks of the "Devil's Kitchen" frowning down upon us, and the most amazing desolation reigning everywhere. Arriving at Ogwen, we were glad to rest for a short while at the little inn immediately opposite the lake. After leaving Ogwen the road is very smooth and the scenery lovely, with the cruel peaks of the Glyder Mountains on the right and the more gentle declivity of

Camedd Dafydd Llywelyn opposite. Then we sped rapidly down to the pretty village of Capel Curig, so refreshingly green after the grey desolation of the mountains. Here we rested for the night at the Royal Hotel, and next day rode on to the picturesque little hostelry of Pen-y-gwryd, almost at the foot of Snowdon and entirely among the mountains, where we decided to remain for a few days, as it was quite impossible to tear ourselves away.

Each day seemed more lovely than the last, and hundreds of cyclists called at the hostelry for refreshment and in order to rest on their way to Beddgelert and Llanberis. A party of six particularly interested us, two ladies and four gentlemen, members of the "Denton Wheelers." They told us that on the first day they had ridden sixty-eight miles, on the second fifty-three, and that on the day they called at Pen-y-gwryd they had travelled about thirty miles. They had started from Liverpool on the Friday, and expected to be back there on the following Monday night, after riding in all some two hundred miles—good going, I thought, for the ladies, who, when we saw them, did not seem in the least fatigued. Two of the party rode Humbers, one a Premier, while the others had Falcons from Brooke's Cycling Company in Cheshire. The riders of the last-named machines told me that they found them exceedingly comfortable and easy to ride.

One thing particularly struck us while on this pleasant tour, namely, the lack of accommodation for cycles at all the Welsh hotels and inns that we called at. Now, in going through Cheshire we were surprised to find that, no matter how small the inn might be, there was always excellent stabling for our machines.

Perfect weather favoured a record day of field sports at Ranelagh on Saturday, if polo and "biking" may be allowed the run of that comprehensive common noun. The bicycle gymkhana was, no doubt, looked upon as a central attraction by the four or five thousand members and guests who thronged the lawns, and, as it proved, the ladies competing quite vindicated their claims to interest. Under Lord Ava's indefatigable supervision, a capital track had been prepared near the new polo-ground, and here fair "bikers" ran races which included such obstacles as posting bills, threading needles, opening parasols at given points, and other feats of skill variously. A musical ride arranged by Miss Stuart Snell was an especially charming feature, eliciting warm applause from H.R.H. the Duchess of York, who, with the rest of the royal party, enjoyed these excitements from the pavilion. Tea was in eager demand, and, served under the elms to the music of the Queen's Own, was not the least enjoyable part of a long, delightful afternoon. Many stayed on to dine, and, being among that well-placed few, I had an opportunity of admiring the new illuminations, which were carried out with excellent effect all over the beautiful grounds.

## A CHAT ON THE CHAIN.

"I don't think there's anything in it," said the old gentleman, dumping his newspaper down on the seat.

"I thought the newspapers were peculiarly interesting," I observed; "there's such a lot of cricket, politics, and fighting."

"I mean in this thing, whose shares my brother advises me to buy—this something lever-chain."

"But the Simpson lever-chain did win at Catford Bridge," I replied. As a rule, I hate talking in a train, but, by accident, I had put into my



LEITCH AND PELLANT.

pocket a book by Edouard Rod instead of a novel by "Gyp," and I can only read Rod in the sunshine.

"They won, I grant you, two out of three, and the third was



nothing, since the Welshman must have been ill, or something; but they won by too little for my taste."

"Too little! Is a mile and a bit in an hour so very little?"

"Humph!" he said, taking off his spectacles and wiping them—big gold-rimmed spectacles. "I expected it to have been by a lot more."

"Now, really, is that reasonable? Suppose I could make you walk four miles an hour with only the labour that three now causes you—you don't bike?"

"I don't bike. Daniel Lambert didn't, and I never walk three miles an hour, or more than two in a day."

"You see, if you began bicycling, you would find that at the beginning each day added a mile to your pace, but as you improved



TOM LINTON.

your improvement would seem less and less rapid till you reached a limit of improvement, say, perfection. Now, with the present form of machine, pace has about reached its limit, and what would be a trifling gain at the bottom of the ladder is immense at the top."

"I never mount ladders," he interposed grimly, smiling at a colossal rotundity of white waistcoat.

"You must remember that in any machine worked by human labour there is an inevitable limit, that of the man's force. You know, as the French say, 'La plus jolie fille au monde ne peut donner'—"

He interrupted: "You don't pronounce French as I learnt it at school, and I don't follow you."

"Well, I mean that you cannot utilise more than a hundred per cent. of heat out of a pound of coal, or more than a hundred per cent. of a man's strength. Now the present form of cycle, without the patent chain, really utilises a very high percentage of the rider's energy, and, since the lever-chain does not, of course, create energy, but merely utilises it more economically than other chains, it has a limited margin of possible improvement."

He took out a red silk handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Therefore, a gain at the top of the tree of a more than thirtieth is immense. Why, look you, Stocks, who was beaten at Catford when using the McCabe chain, although he had the stimulus of a race and the aid of admirable pace-making, had already at one time, using a Simpson lever-chain, done a world's record of 29 miles 45 yards in the hour. That is to say, he, using the lever-chain, was a mile an hour faster than when riding without it under conditions in other respects more favourable."

"The French rider in the fifty-mile race did not win by very much; still, he was a Frenchman."

"I thought upon one pair of English legs did march three Frenchmen," I murmured.

The old gentleman beamed and offered me his flask.

"The truth is," I went on, "that, while the Catford Bridge trials show that Mr. Simpson was sound in betting £1000 to £100 on his chain against the ordinary chain, and in not crying off when Dr. McCabe came forward with a new patent chain, the races, proving the superiority of the lever-chain in racing, leave untouched its greater qualities."

"You're a rider?" he interrupted.

"Not I. I'm too Oriental in feeling to use my limbs needlessly. I wait for the auto-cycle; till then a horse or carriage is good enough for me."

"But how do you know? You seem to hold a brief."

"I should like to. You see, mechanics are my hobby-horse, and the chain promises to do so much in the field of mechanics that I take a great interest in it."

He looked impressed. "Then it is not confined to bicycles?"

I laughed. "It will become the popular transmitter of power in auto-cars, stationary engines, even sewing-machines."

"Transmitter of power?" he repeated unctuously.

"Yes, the most economical transmitter of power. You see, every transmitter is also an obstacle."

"That sounds like a paradox. I hate paradoxes, and I don't understand mechanics, so—"

"Well, to put it simply, it means that in the lever-chain there is less waste of power than in the others; and it is on the road, and the worse the road the better, that the benefit is felt. When you are straining every muscle to go uphill or through mud, you would be glad enough to find that the lever-chain was utilising a substantial part of your efforts that otherwise would be wasted."

"Then the road-records?"

"Are held even more universally than the path. The London to York record of the lever-chain is forty-two minutes faster than the ordinary; the distance, 197 miles, was done in ten hours forty-eight minutes."

"Prodegeous!"

"Then the Bordeaux to Paris journey by Arthur Linton on a lever-chain bicycle, in which he beat the record by 2 hours and 54 minutes. What do you think of that? Think of 370 miles over rough roads in 21 hours 17 minutes, or an average of nearly 17½ miles per hour! Besides, not only did he come in first, but he did it despite a series of misfortunes such as rarely has happened to a rider, if ever before, in the history of racing."

"Oh, I heard about the run-over dog and the punctures."

"The first time it was tried, Pellant and Leitch, on a tandem, did a quarter of a mile in 20½ sec., and half a mile in 44½ sec. That was in October last year, just after the chain was brought out."

"But I see many bikes with ordinary chains?" he observed.

"The invention has naturally been opposed by the manufacturers. Only the great Humber Company would take it up at first—then the Gladiator Company, of Paris, which sent over to Catford Bridge its wonderful pace-makers, was convinced of its merits. To-day the mass of races won and records achieved by riders such as Michael, Platt-Betts, the two Lintons, Osborn, Huret, Mdles. Lisette, Dutrieux, and others, has proved the superiority, and the big demand has arisen; but such chains are not made in a day, and the Company is behindhand in fulfilling orders. One consequence of the opposition of manufacturers is that the Simpson Lever-Chain Company has set up as manufacturers of cycles, and is turning out beautiful machines."

"Just a word," said the old gentleman, "about the pace-makers. What is really their function?"

"That is easily answered. They go in front of the rider and force a way through the opposing atmosphere, and the rider follows in the partial vacuum thus caused."

"Is there so much difference?"

"Why, before the idea of pace-makers came in the races were generally mere crawls. No one was willing to go in front and force his way through the atmosphere, leaving his adversary a free passage. The races were mere crawls till the last lap or so, and then a mad sprint. It has been calculated, not, of course, very nicely, that the difference between racing with and without pace-makers is about a fifth."

"I have learnt a good deal," said he meditatively, as the train slackened speed; "but, before instructing my brother to buy Simpson lever shares, I should like to ask one question: Why do you know so much about the lever-chain?"

"Because I happen to have been buying the shares myself, after looking into the affair."

#### A BEAUTIFUL BOWL.

Mrs. Feilden, of Wilton Park, Chorley, has been made the proud possessor of a handsome solid silver Monteith bowl and an oil-painting of her husband, the late Lieut.-General Feilden, the first M.P. for the



Chorley Division of Lancashire. The bowl is a reproduction of the celebrated Monteith presented to the Vintners' Company in 1720, and weighs upwards of two hundred ounces. It is the work of Messrs. Wilson and Gill, and the portrait is by Mr. Sydney Hodges.

## SPORT AT BULAWAYO.

They are still holding the fort at Bulawayo, and, from all accounts, would seem to be holding it pretty well. The decisive blow may be expected before long; for a definite plan has now been published for a combined attack on the Matabele. The combined columns intend to attack an open corner of the Matoppo Hills, and when this is once captured

frontiersman scribbles, are "absolute rot." The natives, he is quite confident, will never attack Bulawayo. So, strong in hope, this pushful young gentleman ventures out merrily beyond the town to enjoy the delightful spectacle afforded by the execution of native spies by bullet or rope. "There is great excitement," he says, "to see the spies shot. They are marched some distance out, with crowds in attendance, and are stood before nine or ten of a firing-party, who blaze away at them at once. It is quite a nice sight out here now."



A CORNER OF THE LAAGER: "STAND TO ARMS!"

the force will then gradually advance, clearing the country as they go of the remaining strongholds. Reports of murders of whites in outlying districts still arrive to keep the beleaguered inhabitants of Bulawayo lively. Serious communications declare that the life is monotonous, stores are closed, business is at a standstill, and social pleasure at a discount. Every evening at sunset there is a regular procession of men, women, and children to the laager, where they stay till sunrise. Business men are said to be getting into terrible arrears of work, as they are naturally disinclined for the pen after a day's skirmishing or a night's vigil under arms at the laager. But more frivolous reports, forwarded by gay young pioneers of the Empire, would fain have home-keeping simplicity believe that the affair is little else than a glorious picnic. Defensive operations, one gay



THE JAIL LAAGER AT BULAWAYO.

Hangings, too, afford an equally welcome diversion. "One gets quite callous and hardened," confesses the humorist, "and does not object to seeing it. It is an amusement." The callousness is easily credited. About the amusement, however, one may reasonably be allowed to express a doubt. The bodies are left hanging, *pour encourager les autres*, so, if the festive pioneer continues his amusement long enough, the Matabele may yet take heart and disappoint him by delivering the attack he scoffs at. But it must be admitted, whether from the terror of this short way with the Matabele, or from the results of recent fighting, the rebels show unmistakable signs of faltering. They now desert their dead and wounded on the field, indifferent to the primitive medicine-man, whose photograph here is the work of Wilson, of Aberdeen.



GAMEO, LOBENGULA'S CHIEF GENERAL, NOW IN PRISON IN BULAWAYO.



A MEDICINE-MAN.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

We are such an easy-going people that no abuse is seriously discussed until the occasion particularly demands. Cricket is not so controversial a game as most other recreative pastimes, especially football, but there is one important matter in connection with the county championship competition which has just been forced to the surface.

Anybody who has followed the tournament for a few years must know that the system upon which this competition is decided has undergone a change. In the old days, when all the competitors engaged in a similar number of matches, the method was simple enough. Now, the number of contestants has increased to fourteen and a different plan has to be gone on. In addition, time has rectified the grave failing in the matter of drawn games.

I am not quite certain, however, whether even now we have attained safety, let alone perfection. The dictum of the M.C.C., who were asked to deal with the question, is that after the close of each cricket season the Committee of the M.C.C. shall decide the county championship. That is ambiguous to start with, for they go on to state that it shall be competed for by first-class counties. No county shall be eligible unless it shall have played at least six out-and-home matches with other counties, provided that if no play can take place owing to weather or other unavoidable cause such match shall be reckoned as unfinished. One point shall be reckoned for each win; one deducted for each loss; unfinished games shall not be reckoned. The county which during the season shall have in finished matches obtained the greatest proportionate number of points shall be reckoned champion county.

What I want to know is, this being all settled, why the M.C.C. shall decide the county championship after the close of each cricket season? If the decision is to be merely a formal expression of that which we can all decide for ourselves—on the given data—well and good. But people have been asking whether the M.C.C. are reserving to themselves the right of going contrary to this ruling.

That the M.C.C. is not certain in its own mind that this system will work out infallibly I can well believe. Plenty of incongruous situations readily present themselves to the mind. Let us assume, for instance, that Surrey and Warwickshire in one season play twenty-five and thirteen fixtures respectively, and then let us presume that the table of results occurs thus—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Surrey ... ..	25	24	0	1	24
Warwickshire ... ..	13	2	0	11	2

Now, here we have one county with twenty-four points and the other with two, and yet, on the M.C.C. ruling, they are level on a proportionate reckoning. I do not say this contingency is probable, but its possibility is my justification for urging it.

To anyone who understands cricket it must be clear that Surrey is the better team. Even if Warwickshire won the remaining twelve matches played by Surrey, then the Southerners would still be indisputably the better team, because, on the face of it, Warwickshire must be at least weaker in bowling.

It is, however, easier to condemn a system than to suggest a thorough remedy. Draws are the bane of the county championship competition. If a side finished up a match four hundred runs behind and with only one wicket to fall, they would still be no worse off than their opponents. In the old days we gave two points for a win and one for a draw. Now we give one point for a win and nothing at all for a draw, which is exactly the same thing in the end.

It has been urged that we should have a committee to adjudicate on drawn matches, as is done in chess, but I cannot say I am in favour of the suggestion. Cricket is such an uncertain game that one can never tell what is going to happen. It would, I think, be better to decide drawn matches on the first innings, if each side has batted. That is not a perfect system, because the side which wins the toss has the advantage. But I certainly claim for it that it is an improvement upon the present arrangement.

The cricket season will see no more complete fiasco than that in connection with the recent visit of the Australian cricketers to Wembley Park. I think it must now be pretty conclusively proven that the days of holiday matches are gone. They are all very well at the seaside, where people have nothing better to do, and like to assist in a festival, and where, moreover, they are eager to see the last match; but Londoners positively will not visit such places as the Crystal Palace and Wembley Park merely for the sake of seeing some well-known cricketers enjoy themselves. The Australians have demonstrated that they are determined to take matters easily. Their luncheon is very elaborate, and occupies an hour, as a rule, and they draw stumps before the counties do. The public have replied by staying away, and I for one cannot blame them.

After their hard experiences against the M.C.C. and Yorkshire, the Australians go to Birmingham to-morrow, and there engage in a very light game with the Gentlemen of England, quite a second-rate team. The championship matches between Middlesex and Gloucestershire at Lord's, Kent and Sussex at Tonbridge, Lancashire and Surrey at Manchester, and Leicestershire and Yorkshire at Leicester, should be more interesting. The Lancashire match is always a severe trial for the champions; but, as a rule, they win here and lose at home. Surrey have never been so strong as they are this season.

On Monday we shall, of course, have the first International with Australia at Lord's, and a grand engagement is generally expected. I hope there will be no disappointment; but, to me, it seems clear that, with ordinary conditions, Australia can have no possible chance whatever against the pick of the Old Country. On the same day Sussex play Cambridge University, and Oxford visit Surrey, but these are of less importance than the championship match between Somerset and Lancashire at Taunton. Will Mr. MacLaren make another 424?

## GOLF.

That remarkable professional J. H. Taylor has again come to the front in the golf championship. More than that, another Englishman, H. Vardon, tied with Taylor for the first place, each with a score of 316. At the end of the third round, A. Herd, of Huddersfield, who was looked upon as the likely winner from the beginning, was leading by one point from Taylor. The Old St. Andrews "laddie" got into difficulties in the last round, and finished no better than 320. Mr. F. G. Tait, the amateur champion, kept up his fine form by coming in third with a score of 319.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The course at Ascot is Crown property, and the Queen is practically the paramount authority. After 1867, although the Spring Meeting proved a brilliant success, it never appeared again in the fixture list, because her Majesty objected to it, and it was at once abolished. For three successive years Queen Anne patronised Ascot Races, and gave her annual Hundred-guinea Plate, the first recorded winner of which was Robert Fogg, Esq. The races were fixed to take place as usual in 1714, and the Queen's Plate was to have been run for on Friday, Aug. 13, but Queen Anne died on Aug. 1, and the races were abandoned, and several years elapsed before Ascot again figured in the annals of the turf.

It sounds strange nowadays to be told that at Ascot racing used to be supplemented by other sports. And yet it is true that in 1826 some of the Corinthians "proposed to raise a purse of £50 for an improved prize-fight," to which the great Duke of Wellington contributed £10. A couple of fighters, one known as Young Dutch Sam, the other an Irish bricklayer who had won fame in Dublin, were soon found to contend for the prize. The ladies delighted in the sport, while a Bow Street magistrate marshalled some police to keep order, Squire Osbaldiston acting as referee. In half an hour Young Dutch Sam won, and received the congratulations of the Great Duke, and the smiles of the ladies, some of whom shook hands with him.

The racing this week will be quite up to the average. I think Victor Wild is pretty certain to win the Gold Cup, as the horse has been specially prepared for this valuable event. For the Royal Hunt-Cup Jewitt's best will have Quarrel to fear, the St. James's Palace Stakes may go to Earwig in the absence of Persimmon, and the Rous Memorial Stakes may be won by Whittier. A good field of high-class horses could compete for the Hardwicke Stakes; but I am afraid the field will be a small one, and I think Raconteur is very likely to win.

One of the most celebrated winners of the Ascot Gold Cup was the grand old mare Beeswing, who won the Cup in 1842. She was at that time no less than nine years old. Beeswing was bred by and was the property of Mr. William Orde, of Nuny Kirk, Morpeth, who purchased her dam at the sale of Mr. R. Riddell. She was got by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan. Her sire, The Doctor, was a grand stayer, and won no less than twenty cups and sixteen other races. But this grand performance was eclipsed by his beautiful daughter, who up to the end of her ninth year had won no less than twenty-five cups and twenty-six other races, all over long distances. The mare must have travelled a great number of miles during her career on the turf, for she won cups, plates, and other races in all parts of England and Scotland. She was fairly idolised up North, for she won the cups at Stockton, Newcastle, Doncaster, &c., on several occasions.

Now that some good showers have altered the going on our race-courses for the better, we may expect to see the book turned topsy-turvy. Some horses like to hear their hoofs rattle, while others revel in the mud. It is surprising how many lame horses have been running in selling plates of late, and it only shows what gambling owners will do on the off chance of obtaining a few pounds. Unfortunately, the horse-watchers cannot get a view of selling-plates before they are weighed out, for, as an old Newmarket tout told me the other day, "in the matter of classic horses, we only see their legs, and fancy they are fit; but directly they are unclothed we find they are fat 'osses."

Backers have done very well of late, and several of the starting-price bookmakers have thus early tired of the business; while a gentleman who works big commissions at the post tells me there are not more than a dozen men trading in Tattersall's ring at the present time who are making more than a bare living at the game. It seems the professional backers spoil the layers' books by backing two or three in each race, including the winner. The public follow suit, and, as a rule, in a race with a dozen starters only three horses are really backed for money.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## THE FASHION OF THE FLYING HOUR.

Commend me to the easy manners of a tea-jacket for elegance, simplicity, and, above all, comfort, in these oppressively hot afternoons. Blouses have, somehow, a restraining influence at the waist; and, as for smart afternoon-frocks, no knight of old ever sat his charger in more dignified discomfort than we oftentimes are constrained to in our modern buckram, whalebone, and hooks of steel, such as Shakspeare surely never dreamed of. But the tea-jacket has an easy and insinuating grace all its own, which we most thankfully assume when calls are duly paid and dinner is still sufficiently remote to make possible pet droppers in not unwelcome. A singularly seductive example of this jacket genus was shown me yesterday by a best friend who pins her faith in such matters reverentially to Humble, of Conduit Street, doubtless with excellent cause, for this little garment was alone a revelation of smartness, although its component parts of mousseline-de-soie sprinkled with embroidered violets and forget-me-nots over a pink silk shot with mauve seemed simple enough. Soft yellow laces hung from under bands of jewelled embroidery in front, and a belt of barbaric splendour repeated the colours on bodice in its flashing stones. That Humble has a genius for combination no one meeting one's friends in her frocks can deny. They are always at their best, always *chic*, and invariably look well-dressed. Such talents in the art of transformation deserve success, and have in Humble's case undoubtedly attained it. A dress of hers intended for an Ascot house-party was of pale-green mohair, the true *vert tendre*. Both the vest and sleeves from elbow to wrist were of wrinkled lisse over pale-blue silk. A silver belt, set with turquoises, bound the waist, and a vapour of white tulle under ivory point-de-gaze formed a most alluring jabot.

Kid already appears on our most exclusive fashions, and I have met a dark-blue mohair with *incroyable* revers of pale-blue kid opening over a folded vest of amber satin, this being the last arrival from that Paris notability who is, indeed, said to have invented this incongruous juxtaposition of lace and *peau-de-suède*. A delightful muslin frock has a pattern of apple-blossom on a pink ground. It is made with gathers, and the sleeves, rather full, are slashed with bias bands of black *suède*, forming chevrons across bodice and skirt. On the principle of admiring

whatever is new, I am bound to admit the fascinations of this daintiest of garments; and, made by a French man-milliner of repute, it is all, in form, colour, and style, that one could desire; but it is just that dexterous handling which is necessary to make kid and cambric lie down peaceably together. In competent hands they will be *chic*; in others simply shrieking.

Turning from these filmy flimsinesses of the summer wardrobe to the more serious but indispensable tailor-frock, I have discovered a new material which lends itself with infinite suitability to the graceful lines of a well-cut tailor-made. Going into 32, Brook Street, with a wheel-mad acquaintance, who was ordering herself still another new bicycle-frock, Thomas showed us a thick, soft, silk stuff like a canvas, and the colour of tussore. It at once appealed to our discriminating fancies as being the very thing for a summer tailor-gown. With revers of moss-green *suède* or pale-pink cloth, I can imagine nothing more

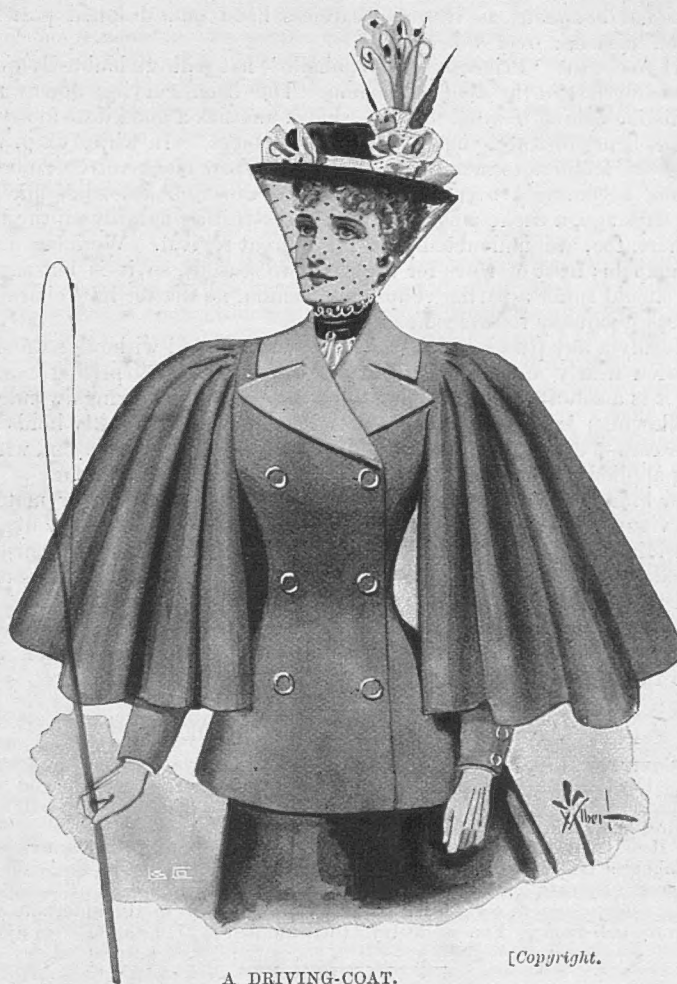


[Copyright.]

TAILOR-MADE MOHAIR.

engaging, and have already persuaded a girl friend, who is getting together an Indian trousseau, to include two of these dainty but most useful dresses in her list. If she does not afterwards bless me from her hill station I shall be disappointed, for of all materials to bear

ill-treatment by flood and field and yet turn up smiling and smart, this tussore canvas should be "one of the best." Also at Thomas's there were neat devices of the mohair skirt and jaunty jacket, in many tints and shapes, one which I have selected for illustration having an especially neat appearance. The material is a black mohair, with revers, sailor collar made with the new points, vest, and cuffs of white satin merveilleux.



A DRIVING-COAT.

[Copyright.]

Square tabs edged with fine mohair braid further smartened up the coat in front, pearl buttons fastening the vest, which is made to be worn either over silk shirt or waistcoat. A dainty driving-cape in pale-fawn cloth, which was going to a North Country hostess, next charmed my roving glances while awaiting the measuring process in which my best friend was still absorbed. Something novel in the build attracted me, and I begged a fuller view. The cape is a capital contrivance for driving. It is tight-fitting to begin with, and has sleeves to the wrist; over these the cloth falls pleated in at the shoulders, which both leaves the arms free for action and bestows a smart appearance by showing the wearer's figure. The cape is lined throughout with white satin brocaded in pale green—an extremely gay and useful covering together.

At the Stafford House concert many beautiful frocks were in evidence on Tuesday. The Duchess of Sutherland wore an effective combination of grass-cloth, black and white guipure, and cherry-coloured ribbons; Lady Carew in black as usual, but the smartest possible adaptation of that colour; Lady Duncannon, also Lady Mary Morrison, in pale green and a very smart hat; Mrs. Arkwright, who sang so sweetly, in white, with a Charlotte Corday fichu of old lace fastened with a cluster of La France roses. It was altogether a very smart gathering. One hopes the home for poor dying people will ultimately benefit by it. Certainly Mr. Burdett, in a very convincing and earnest appeal, made the most of the short interlude accorded him. Among the artists, when all were of the first rank, it will not seem invidious to mention Mdle. Landi's exquisite voice and delicate phrasing; her picturesque pink silk gown crowned with a violet-covered hat was, furthermore, a most acceptable harmony in colour.

Of glorious Ascot Week and its many tributary attractions there is so much to say that one hardly knows where to begin. It is an intoxicating group of days indeed, with dinners, balls, and all sorts of festivities variously following the first race-meeting of the world. Keeping to the subject in hand, of dress solely and only, I don't think I have ever seen so many gowns destined to peacock about the Paddock, nor such lovely ones in all the preceding Cup Days I have known, and they are "some," as our classic American would say, after his inimitable fashion of conveying a whole sentence in one sledge-hammer word. Russell and Allen have excelled themselves this year in daring and, at the same time, delightful creations. Some of their Ascot gowns eclipse, even in originality, the best efforts of Paris itself. One of their



dress for the Hon. Mrs. Cadogan is a white muslin, handsomely embroidered in raised rose design, white and écarle, over pale-green silk, with sleeves of rucked chiffon.

Kate Reily has also invented combinations for this dressiest of all occasions in the twelve months which might occupy pages of description without conveying more than the poorest shadow of their superb substances.

Muslin figures more than aught else as the fashionable form of the moment, some of the last over from Paris having narrow black lines on their ivory surfaces, over which tiny flowers are powdered thickly, some in a regular design, others—and these are the most charming—in occasional bouquets, as if some careless hand had dropped posies in uneven measure over the fabric.

At Ascot the "Princesse de Lamballe" hat will undoubtedly queen it, as being last in the field of fashion. The brim, curving downwards, is a distinguishing feature of this shape, and has a good deal to say for itself as being distinctly becoming to young faces. In white chip, with plumes of feathers to match and knots of narrow black velvet ribbon, I saw one becomingly overshadow Baroness von Eckhardstein's fair face some days ago, a cache-peigne of pink roses resting daintily on the hair. Feathers, too, are undoubtedly in for a great revival. We have had a Sardanapalus feast of roses for the past two seasons, so it is but natural they should suffer a partial eclipse; a fashion, no matter how charming, may easily outstay its welcome.

Hardly a day passes in this scientific century-end without some new invention nearly approaching the miraculous in its surprising results. Now it is a solidified soup, then a liquefied gas, which brings wonder to its following; but at the moment it is Pegamoid which justly holds the public ear—a dust-proof, damp-proof, wear-and-tear-proof solution, which, being applied to furniture, wall-papers, brocades, fabrics in fact of any sort or kind applying to decorative art, renders that article or material impervious to the beauty-marring effects of time and travel. At Wallace's, of Curtain Road, the very fount of artistic furniture and house-plenishing generally, I have seen dining-room and library furniture upholstered in Pegamoid leather, which is also applicable to wall-paneling. Its appearance is quite equal to Russia or Morocco leather, its price being materially less, and its powers of endurance quite Spartan, even in a house full of schoolboys. Can Pegamoid do more?

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLA CHETTENHAM.—Simla is a favourite station, and you will require a smart outfit. For the sum you name, Grahame, of Mount Street, will do you well. Take plenty of muslins, which are so pretty this year. The same firm will make all your blouses and negligés both well and inexpensively.

M. M.—Decidedly, build the ball-room over your garden. It is less expensive than taking a house, and people like it better. You can get parquet laid at a small cost. Howard's, of Berners Street, put it down in houses at threepence a foot. Cheap enough, certainly! I do not know if they would undertake your temporary ball-room. You might try; their number is 27, I think. SYBIL.

#### DRESS AT THE PLAY.

I have only just made the acquaintance of "The Queen's Proctor," at the Royalty, where this usually unpopular personage has become quite a public favourite, and he certainly has the credit of re-introducing us to Miss Violet Vanbrugh in some very beautiful new clothes.

One dress is of white satin, unadorned as far as the skirt is concerned, though the bodice is all a-glitter with an elaborate embroidery traced in gold thread and studded with diamonds. It is cut in a little square at the neck, and then, in front, forms a loose box-pleat, which is eventually caught into a golden waist-band, the sleeves tapering from their shoulder fullness into tight-fitting cuffs, and their graceful outline being made more obvious by the shining embroidery of which they also have their share.

For this occasion Miss Vanbrugh has chosen to have glorious Titian-red hair to contrast with her dark eyes, and so you may judge how well this gown becomes her, and yet not better than the other which is sketched for you, and which is carried out in velvet of a deeply beautiful shade of yellow. All round the skirt goes an embroidery of fine white silken cord, interwoven with threads of gold, and rising in high points at either side, as if ambitious to reach a particularly lovely waist-belt of shining gold galon, studded with pearls, turquoises, and diamonds, the same stones almost entirely covering a quaintly shaped ornament of velvet into which the soft drapery of the bodice is drawn. Here, again, the throat is left quite free, the bodice being cut out in a square at the neck. Beneath this, the velvet is cut out in fanciful fashion and outlined by the jewelled embroidery, while the front of the corsage is crossed by many chains of flashing diamonds.

It is a wonderfully lovely and effective dress, and it is accompanied by a superb cloak of black gismonda moiré, lined throughout, even to the great hanging sleeves, with ermine, while a great collar of the same lovely fur falls over the shoulders, the throat rising from a foamy black and white chiffon. There is a hat, too, of black velvet, with a puffed and gathered brim and a band of jewelled galon round the crown, while high at the left side rise some black ostrich feathers, others nestling against Miss Vanbrugh's hair.

But, still, this does not end the tale of the pretty gowns in the new play, for there are two tailor-made costumes, worn respectively by Miss Mabel Beardsley and Miss Scott-Daymar, which are well worthy of mention. One is of brilliant red serge, with deep velvet cuffs and collar, and a refreshing glimpse now and again of a white satin coat-lining, the costume being completed by a velvet toque arranged with black caracules, many loops of gold braid and clusters of white flowers.

Miss Scott-Daymar's gown, on the other hand, has a skirt of prune-faced cloth and a tan-coloured bodice; while she also wears a sable tie, lace-ended, and finished with a cluster of exquisitely shaded chrysanthemums and a white felt hat with black velvet ribbon and coque feathers for trimming.

Miss Beardsley's evening-gown becomes her better than her first dress, fashioned as it is of yellow mirror moiré, the skirt bordered with two lines of silver sequins, while the bodice is all veiled with silver-sewn net, and has a quaint collar and epaulettes doubly edged with narrow fur. Miss Scott-Daymar's gown consists of a skirt of pale-blue foulard patterned with a floral design, and a bodice covered with black tulle, its fulness caught into a gold corselet appliqué with black flowers.

Again, in "The Sunbury Scandal," at Terry's, each of the two ladies taking part therein is provided with two gowns. Miss Fanny Brough has one tailor-made costume of pale-tan cloth, fitting to perfection, the coat, with its cuffs, collar, and revers of corded silk, bordered with stitched bands of cloth, opening over a white piqué vest. She wears a Panama straw hat, a glorified, rejuvenated sailor as to shape, with a group of half-a-dozen black quills and deftly tied bows of black glacé and scarlet velvet for its adorning; and then this smart simplicity is exchanged for



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MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN "THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR."

the more elaborate detail of a green and mauve shot silk, patterned with a suggestion of a line-stripe, the bodice boasting of zouave fronts wrought with gold and studded with emeralds, and their outline being defined by a narrow edging of green velvet, the cuffs and waist-band being finished in the same way. Moreover, there is a cravat bow of yellowish lace falling over a vest of green silk; and Miss Brough is also the possessor of a remarkably smart bonnet of black horsehair lace, dotted over with little flowers in appliqué lace and many gold sequins, while the quaint squareness of its shape is softened by cloudy puffings of green and mauve tulle.

Miss Maude Millett has, as usual, some girlishly pretty gowns, and she remains faithful to her favourite shades of pink and blue. One dress is carried out in pale rose-pink silk, with chiffon of an equally delicate shade veiling the bodice, beneath zouaves of string-coloured guipure, embroidered with jet, while some yellowish Valenciennes lace and sundry little jet buttons are also employed to complete the charming effect. As a frame for her pretty face, there is a hat of black horsehair straw powdered with jet sequins and adorned with ostrich feathers.

The other dress is of silken gauze in the colour of grass-lawn, striped and spotted with forget-me-not blue, a colour which is repeated in the silken lining. The front of the bodice is covered with grass-lawn embroidery, which at the back dwindles into a little V-shaped vest, and there is blue silk at neck and waist, and amidst the soft laces of the corsage some pink roses are fastened. Blue-and-white gauze with a white osprey are the trimmings for the white rice-straw hat.—FLORENCE.



## CITY NOTES.

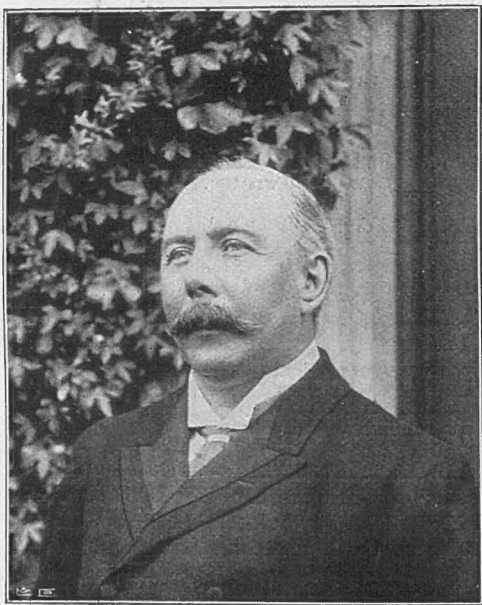
## THE PAST ACCOUNT.

The features of the account which ended last week were exceptionally numerous, and included a further advance in gilt-edged securities, a demand for the less-known stocks connected with the Argentine Republic, the continuance of the Home Railway advance, the Brewery and Industrial boom, with Guinness and Coats as the respective leaders, and the rally in Kaffirs. The developments in South Africa were favourably reflected in every Stock Exchange market. Cape of Good Hope Three and a-Half Per Cent. Inscribed rose  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ; Transvaal Five Per Cents 2; Natal Three and a-Half Per Cents  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ; and Standard Bank of South Africa 2. In South African Mining shares the revulsion of feeling was no less manifest in the making-up prices. Chartered had risen  $1\frac{1}{2}$  during the account, from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , which represents a tidy little profit for a "bull" of a few hundred shares; Goldfields  $2\frac{1}{4}$ , from  $11\frac{3}{8}$  to  $13\frac{3}{8}$ ; De Beers  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , from  $28\frac{3}{8}$  to  $31\frac{1}{8}$ ; "Johnnies"  $\frac{7}{8}$ , from  $3\frac{1}{8}$  to 4, and so on throughout the list, which shows an almost unbroken list of advances, of which a well-known jobber remarked to the writer, "I was a 'bull' of Krüger's 'magnanimity,' and it paid me."

The Home Railway boom has reached the point at which movements in special stocks stand out more distinctly from the general market. Brighton A with a rise of 4 on the fortnight; Chatham Preference with  $2\frac{3}{4}$ ; Great Westerns with a like rise; Lancashire and Yorkshire with 4; London and South-Western Deferred with 2; Midlands with 5; and Metropolitans with  $3\frac{1}{2}$ —these are specimens of the notable changes in the upward direction. Of changes in the other direction there are none worth mentioning. The rise in Metropolitans during the Account and since it was completed had been put down to a rumour that electric traction was about to be introduced on the line; but this has been denied with a semblance of official authority and an oracular set of remarks to the effect that, while it is true that experiments in methods of traction have been taking place, they have nothing to do with electricity. It is, however, hoped and believed by the Market that they have something to do with the mitigation of the unpleasant conditions of underground railway-travelling with steam as the motive-power.

From the making-up prices of the past and the preceding accounts, it would appear to be well worth the while of those in search of bargains to study the list of Argentine securities which have not participated in the upward movement. We do not refer to the speculative stocks which command a free market. These have been looked after closely enough. But Federal and Provincial Loans of comparatively small amount, Railway Preferences and Debenture stocks "with a past," and all the heterogeneous issues which in the reaction from the inflation of the years preceding the Baring crisis have dropped out of sight; the contractors' stocks, the stocks which by reconstructions have lost nearly all semblance of their original form—such are the Argentine things that are now coming principally to the front. An apt description of them was given in the Market the other day as, "The stocks you can't know much about unless you have got them—or a 'Burdett.'" Authorities on Argentine affairs speak very hopefully of the outlook from every point of view, and this optimistic view was reflected during the account in substantial rises, of which we select a few typical examples: Argentine, 1886,  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ; the  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per Cent. External, 2; Entre Rios Funded, 4; Santa Fé 6 per Cents.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; Argentine

Great Western Preference, 2; Buenos Ayres and Ensenada Port Ordinary,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ ; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ; East Argentine Ordinary,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ . All of those stocks either are, or have been previously, the subjects of active market operations, otherwise they would not have found a place in the Making-up Price List, which is supposed to be confined to the securities in which the extent of speculation renders a making-up price a necessity or a convenience.



MR. GEORGE SINGER, J.P.  
Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.

## THE SINGER CYCLE COMPANY.

The issue of this company's capital was not attended at the

outset with all the *éclat* which was expected. A premium to start with of ten shillings on the £1 share seemed brilliant enough, but it very soon ran off to a modest  $\frac{1}{2}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$ . The secret is understood to be the "ratting" of some people connected with the bringing-out of the undertaking as a public company, who threw on the market the shares they were entitled to, or which they had good reason to expect to get. So far as we can gather, the company is not over-capitalised, and the

promoters are genuinely anxious to make it a success, not only as regards the flotation, but as a working undertaking. Naturally, however, they were indisposed to stand up to be shot at by "stags" of the kind described. We do not profess to predict the course of the market when there are such conflicting interests; but, sooner or later, we imagine, the "bears" will find that they have made a mistake. It is quite on the cards that, by the time these lines appear in print, the situation will have entirely changed. It is no question, we understand, of anything like a "bear squeeze." That the public wanted the shares was manifest from the opening of the lists, when the whole of the Ordinary capital was at once subscribed several times over. But, obviously, it was not incumbent on the people concerned to support the market for the benefit of those who utilised their privileges merely in order to snatch a profit, and without regard to the intrinsic merits of a scheme in which they were themselves interested. An evening paper has distinguished itself by so-called "revelations" which were as foolish as they were self-evident, but, for all that, the company has a sound business, and in the near future shareholders will do well.

## THE BARNATO FUSION.

It is almost beyond doubt now that the long-talked-of amalgamation of the Barnato interests has become a question of practical politics. The phrase in this connection has more than a metaphorical significance, for has not Mr. Barnato made himself a political power by his intercessions to President Krüger on behalf of the Pretoria prisoners? Not being implicated in the insurrectionary movement, he was able to be of good service in bringing about the settlement which has given so much satisfaction, and which has dispelled the fear that the Rand mining industry would either be killed or diverted from the control of those who had developed it.

His scheme of fusion, as provisionally made public, seems to have been devised on a basis fair to all concerned. When the exact details are given it will be time to criticise then. But the central idea of having two companies—one to do the financing, and the other to look after the specific mining business—looks sound on the face of it.

## WESTRALIA.

Some three months ago we promised our readers a series of letters from Western Australia which should tell the downright, bottom truth, unadulterated and unvarnished. The difficulty has been to secure a correspondent both honest and capable—for either qualification alone was easy enough to obtain. We have at last succeeded in making arrangements with a gentleman after our own heart, and are able to present to our readers his first contribution in this issue. We do not doubt that his graphic and picturesque account of goldfield life will excite great interest, and that the details of the most famous properties which he is enabled to visit will be even more important and useful.

I do not propose writing in these articles about mines I have not seen, or districts I have not visited. At first sight this sounds somewhat ridiculous, but those who know most about Western Australia will quite understand what I mean.

As a preliminary, I may say this, I have satisfied myself as to one thing—the infinite richness of Westralian reefs. There is no doubt about the amount of gold in this country, and up to the present but a small part of the land has been prospected. West Australia covers an area of 975,876 square miles. How much of this will eventually be proved to be gold-bearing no one can say, but hardly a day passes but the fever-stricken prospector crawls into some camp with specimens of reefs of wondrous wealth.

It is a characteristic of all new countries that the farthest field is always the richest—for the moment. The people in Perth looked upon Southern Cross as an outlandish reef in the desert. Then the railway came, and at once Burbank and Bayley discovered the mines which bear their names, and founded Coolgardie; Zeb Lane, an enterprising shopkeeper, took up Boulder, and was laughed at. In six months Hannan's was the centre of the fields—before this is in print it will have its railway. Then came news from Black Flag, Bardoc, the Ninety Mile; and not so long ago Menzie, one of the hardy pioneers who have been the makers of Western Australia, pegged out the line of reef upon which the Lady Shenton, the Florence, the Friday, and the Cruso are now working. Hardly had Menzies become a township, with its Warden's Court, its Town Council, and the inevitable hospital, than Niagara became the talk.

As I write I am looking at rich specimens from Mount Margaret, ninety miles away in this waterless desert. And so the land grows—the tent of to-day is the town of to-morrow. Time is counted by minutes, not weeks. An old inhabitant is a man who has resided three months in one spot; to have lived through a year entitles you to the honoured title of "pioneer." Fortunes are made as rapidly as the districts are opened up. Thanks to the extraordinary cupidity of the British speculator, a lease is no sooner pegged out than it is cabled home, deposits are made, and the company floated.

There is a reckless magnificence about the thing which allures the imagination. A drunken "dry-blower," his hands covered with sores—"Barcoo rot," in the vernacular—finds, or thinks he finds, a reef. Straightway he goes to the local publican, who advances enough money to pay the necessary fees. The "dry-blower" takes his fourth share, the publican another fourth, and possibly the two local storekeepers, to whom the miner owes money for "tucker," take up the rest of the shares. Then they combine to tell lies to the Warden. This functionary is the *deus ex machina* of West Australia. He makes or mars. To him the bleary-eyed look for an extra horn of drink; to him come amorous couples gasping for matrimony. The Warden buries. The Wardens christens. He tries the drunkard. Thieves they don't deal in much in Western Australia. He is the sole representative of Law and Order. Nothing is legal unless the Warden says so. He administers the Gold Laws, made by democrats for democrats, with the exquisite result that the only person who benefits is the capitalist.

These Gold Laws say: Take up as many acres as you please, the more the merrier; but, remember, you will be jumped unless you employ one man to each three acres. Now a man in Western Australia, be he the idlest ruffian, expects and gets four pounds per week and his water. Therefore, if you peg out twenty-four acres in a block, you must, under the law of the democracy, put up eight men who require thirty-two pounds a-week in wages.

Mining is no fun, from the poor man's point of view, as may be easily seen. But the law will make exception. The Warden has power to grant exemption, and does when he knows the applicant. There are a good many



nice-mannered gentlemen in Western Australia who make handsome incomes by obtaining exemption for poverty-stricken claim-holders. They are on good terms with the Warden. They can tell lies that a Warden will believe. Their beautiful manners carry the thing off. Those who come gold-mining into Western Australia are advised to make friends with the Warden, or with someone who knows him. It will save them much money. If their maternal aunt loses a cat, a soft-hearted Warden will permit work to cease for a period sufficient to dispose of the cat.

There are other drawbacks to mining in Western Australia, of which, perhaps, the worst is water. The goldfields are waterless. In some places you may sink a hundred feet or more and obtain a certain quantum of salt water. This you condense if you wish to drink it. Salt water condensed in a galvanised iron pipe is, perhaps, the filthiest and least wholesome beverage yet known to mankind. It may give you typhoid; it is absolutely certain to give you dysentery. Doctors when they wish to purge patients give them salts. Imagine a whole colony purging themselves daily at great expense with magnesia and water, for which they pay prices varying from fourpence to eightpence per gallon, according to the time and season. From a mining point of view, salt water is said to be harmless. But I disagree with this entirely. I hold that the salt water used in Western Australia is very bad for the plates.

*The Sketch* is not a scientific journal, and arguments based upon the analyses of salt water are dull reading; but it may be considered certain that an immense amount of gold is lost by the use of salt water in Western Australian batteries. The Government are going to get out water schemes, so they say. Let us hope they will, or gold-mining here will be a very expensive luxury.

Without water the fields are helpless. At Hannan's hundreds of mines have never gone beyond the prospecting stage, simply because they have no water, and no chance of getting any. Menzies is the only go-ahead town in the field. Here they have two, if not three, water schemes and pipes laid down. But at Hannan's they stand still. The Brownhill Dry Process is only an experiment, nothing more. It has not proved the huge success its promoters imagined, and we must look elsewhere for schemes. The mine is rich—as rich as the Boulder or Lake View—but the ore is a terrible problem.

Most of the ores at Hannan's are very rich, but they are almost all talcose quartz much decomposed, and require a vast amount of water. At Coolgardie the quartz is harder, but so pockety that no reliance can be placed upon any of the mines, and they pinch out at depth as Bayley's Reward has done. There are a few good mines in Coolgardie, but most of them are dangerous. The Rome is a good block; but the Londonderry has gone wrong, and they say Burbank's is not so good as it should be. Coolgardie is not fashionable just now; Cue and Murchison are waiting for the railway; Yalgoo is proud of the Joker; the Ninety Mile pins its faith upon the Smiler and the Tenpenny; but we are all in a state of suspended animation, waiting for results, waiting for water.

As I have said, Menzies is the only field which goes ahead to-day. Black Flag looks well, and they have water here enough for a hundred head of stamps, so the big Proprietary should soon be booming. At the Twenty-Five Mile Cement claims they have gold beyond the dream of avarice, but here again the want of water stops the way. Some genius will discover how to handle this cement, then the world will stand agape at the richness of this strange conglomerate. But we wait the coming of this aforesaid genius with some impatience. Yet we peg out gaily and wait the hour when our leases will pass into English hands. Pegging-out never stops—one wants no water for that game. There is no lack of reefs either; a blind man could hardly miss a reef pegged he never so wildly.

Who would have ever thought of the Associated having the pick of the basket at Hannan's? Yet they have. The great game is evidently to peg blind, then sink your shaft. You must hit something. Even Hannan's streets will pay milling expenses. The town is itself upon a big lode. Someone the other day pegged out the Warden's Court and the post-office, much to the disgust of the officials, who did not want to be disturbed in their slumbers by subterranean blastings. 'Tis a merry life here, but a hard one. Gold in any quantity, dirt and dysentery to any extent, but water nowhere.

These letters will be continued from time to time, and our valued correspondent will give interesting descriptions of the various properties he visits, which may be relied on, and cannot fail to be of great interest to English investors.

#### COATS AND CO.

On May 22 we wrote: "Unless we are misinformed, Coats' Ordinary will see something like £50 each before long, and those of our readers who can get in at present price should do well, in all probability." At that time the shares were about 44, and to-day our prophecy has been amply verified, and those of our readers who took our "tip" can get out at a profit of something like £10 a-share. We confess we do not often give "tips" of so profitable a nature in so short a time; and we particularly call attention to these shares, not to say "we told you so," but to warn our readers that it is almost time to secure their profits.

#### "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

The secret of the newspaper issue of which we advised our readers before any other paper is now out, and we may as well give the details. The company will take over seven successful papers, of which *Pearson's Weekly* and *Home Notes* are the best known to the general public. The capital will be £400,000, but only preference shares will be offered to the public, and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co. will certify the past profits. These, we understand, will show continuous increase, and cover the preference dividend twice over for 1895, and three times over for the present year. The board will be one of the strongest ever seen in the newspaper world, and for those people who are contented with a safe five per cent. no safer industrial security could be offered. The Bank of England, with which the concern has banked ever since its inception some six years ago, it is said, will receive subscriptions.

#### CYCLES.

We have already warned our readers not to subscribe to the New Beeston Cycle Company, which Mr. H. J. Lawson is bringing out with a capital of £1,000,000, and the warning we now repeat. Everything, good, bad, and indifferent, in the cycle world is turning itself into a public company, and trying to obtain some of the spare cash which appears to be floating about for exploitation purposes; but the thing is grossly overdone, and there will be "weeping and gnashing of teeth" before long over half the ragged promotions which have taken place during the last two months.

No sooner does an inventor get an idea, often not a patent, and make an experimental tyre or machine, than the thing must be floated with preposterous capital. We hear that the Bagot tyre is to be brought out shortly, although the ink is hardly dry on the notices of the experiments made with the concern before the representatives of the Bicycle Press. It may be all right, and we know Mr. Bagot has invented a good valve, but we cannot help saying that the procedure seems to us quite wrong. If the inventor has not the means to work his invention, a private syndicate ought to be formed, and when the thing is a proved success and the various actions at law as to infringement, &c., are disposed of, we think it is quite early enough to talk of public flotation.

#### ISSUES.

The National Skating Palace, Limited, with a capital of £30,000, is offering £120,000 4½ debentures at 105. The very statement of the amount of share capital and debentures offered for subscription is enough to stamp the issue as undesirable. If the promoters wish the public to find the cash to carry on the venture, let them boldly offer this same public its fair share of the profits, not trade with money obtained at about 4½ per cent., so that if it goes right they will reap the profit, and if wrong the public will be the sufferers.

Saturday, June 13, 1896.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MEDICAL.—We should be very sorry to hold the shares, and strongly urge you to get out.

T. H. L. H.—We replied to your second letter on the 8th inst.

F. H. (Montreal).—We are obliged for yours of May 26. Every Colonist imagines that the Empire revolves round his own tin-pot show, and you are clearly like the rest, only more so. Our Financial Notes are intended to help people with regard to Stock Exchange transactions here, and we do not profess to know or advise about Banks whose shares are only quoted and dealt in at Montreal or Timbuctoo. To be up in all the things dealt in on the London Stock Exchange is about enough for us.

W. L.—We have looked over the list of commissions, and think that your objection is well founded as to cheap shares. We suggest you write to the brokers and ask them to deal in shares under twenty shillings at threepence commission, explaining that you are willing to give "cover." We have sent you the name of another broker, whose charges you can compare.

SRRO.—If you are an investor, we think you might hold the cycle shares; but if a speculator, we are inclined to say the best of the boom is over. The Armstrong shares should be held. We think the brokers mentioned are reliable.

E. D.—We would not care to hold any of the concerns mentioned by you.

OLD SARUM.—As a lock-up it may be all right; but we should not be sweet on it. Price about £8 per cent. We would rather buy Second Debenture B stock at 11 per cent.

E. L. M.—We wrote you fully as requested on the 8th inst.

S. P. W.—We trust you got our letter of the 9th inst., and shall be glad to hear what price you got for the bonds.

S. A. P.—The Press attacks on the cycle concern have modified the position somewhat, but we still think you will make a profit on an allotment; we hope our letter of the 9th inst. reached you. Our views are fully given in this week's "Notes."

W. E. R.—(1) The first of these is a good investment, the second medium. (2) Hold both. (3) No. (4) Kathleen. (5) We will send you and all our other correspondents an advance prospectus.

P. T.—In view of the proposed amalgamation, hold your shares. We still advise Woodstock (Transvaal) shares.

G. R. P. T.—We have returned your photograph.

UNRAVEL.—We have never come across a correspondent who has won a big prize. Thank you for your letter and enclosure.

S. R. W.—Your sketch of the gentleman's nose was very lifelike. There is no doubt of its being the same person.

ERIN.—If you read our "Notes" you would not ask what we think of the Great Horseless Carriage Company. Don't touch it with the longest barge-pole. We will send you an advance prospectus.

INVESTOR.—(1) We know nothing of it. (2) Not bad, but we are not over-sweet on cycle shares to hold. (3) The market thinks well of these shares, and it is said they will rise more than the debentures. You had better keep your spare cash for the newspaper issue of which we have written. It will come early in July.

OOM PAUL.—(a) A very good industrial share, but at a big price. A call is improbable, but would be a splendid thing for holders, who would get high interest on the money. (b) We should sell as quickly as possible. (c) Ditto.

J. G. G.—We have sent you the information you want, although you have not complied with Rule 5.

C. C. H.—Of course, you will get an advance prospectus and an allotment.

REMUS.—(1) The accounts which reach us are very satisfactory. (2) Hold. (3) We don't like the concern, which is not in good hands.

BOURNEMOUTH.—See answer to "C. C. H." The issue will take place early in July. See this week's "Notes."

SECURITY.—There is no danger, or rather, no practical danger, of a call on the ordinary shares, and you may neglect the liability, which is used as a sort of guarantee fund for the cheques issued. We should buy ordinary shares.

H. R. T.—We don't like any of them; see answer to "Remus," No. 3, as to your last-mentioned company.

CAREFUL.—(1) We should hold for the details of the amalgamation. (2) See answer to "Security." (3) Don't touch them. You and all other correspondents will get an advance prospectus.

J. J. G.—(1) See last week's "Notes." (2) We have no information. (3) It is a good mine; beyond that we have no special information.

CLAUDIO.—All good.

MUMBLES.—It is far more difficult to advise industrial purchases now than it was six months ago. We think *Answers* shares will pay very well, especially the preference, which are quite safe, and will pay over your rate of interest. We know nothing so good. The newspaper issue of which we have written will be out early in July, and represents a safe 5 per cent. Don't touch the hotel shares.

W. M. (Malta).—Why address your letter to the "City Editor"? What have "places of interest" in Malta to do with finance? We have passed your letter on to the Editor, who was the proper person for you to have written to in the first place.